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Pro-Slavery.

[illegible] we give place to such extracts from the [illegible] North and South, as serve best to illustrate the [illegible] and [illegible] champions and apologists.

[illegible] OUT HIS OWN SHAME.

[illegible] FROM HON. CHARLES J. INGERSOLL.

[illegible] by The Pennsylvanian, the [illegible] Democratic party.]

PHILADELPHIA, Thursday, Jan. 5th, 1860.

GENTLEMEN,—The triumph which you invite me to celebrate was neither the first nor the last of the heroic states[men] whose memory, with you, I earnestly venerate. Gen. [Jackson's] victory over the King of Terrors, the most [illegible] his triumphs, was a lesson of piety and [illegible] admirably suggestive of what ought to be, [if not] universal, sentiment at this conjuncture, if [the] vituperation of negro slavery has engendered [dangers] of that disunion which he deemed the direst of [all] Republican calamities. Dying of a most painful [and] incurable disorder in the midst of all his sufferings, with the Bible on his pillow, looking forward with [pious] resignation to departure from this for entrance [to another] and better life, he administered consolation to [his] slaves, weeping at his bedside the loss of a master [who] was [their] friend. Has or can any of those who, [through the] press, the pulpit, the forum and the lecture-room, [denounce] slavery as sin rest on his death-bed and [leave] this world with as clear a conscience and well-founded [hope] of blessed immortality as Andrew Jackson?

[Philanthropists] like Franklin, Jay, Jefferson and other [illustrious] Americans have laudably sought to free black [as well as] white from servitude by gradual, judicial and [legislative] emancipation. But Abolitionists are not [philanthropists], but land pirates—robbers of other men's [property], like sea pirates, enemies of mankind, upon [whom] summary punishment ought to be relentlessly [inflicted].

[The first] Abolitionist in this country was that reprobate English infidel drunkard, Tom Paine. The first [illegible] in Europe was that awful French monster, [Robes]pierre. Before Wilberforce or any of the English [began] their work of emancipation, Paine and Robespierre [illegible] in the Jacobin Club at Paris, proclaimed revolutionary freedom for negro slaves, together with the overthrow of Christianity, with an age of what they called [reason] instead of religion—set up a strong-minded strumpet, [in] summer clothes, as the Goddess of Reason, to be [worshipped]—abolished Sundays, week-days and months [[illegible]] legions and sanguinary violence striving to [revolutio]nize not only politics, but property, morals, [religion] and society, from top to bottom—propagating, by the guillotine at home and the sabre abroad, their destructive abominations, were arrested by President Washington, with his Secretaries, Jefferson and Hamilton, [[illegible]]hing the United States by a state-stroke of executive energy—one of the most memorable and admirable *coups d'état* of modern history—from ruinous warfare.

Of those miscreants of misrule, American root-and-branch Abolitionists are lineal offspring; with the same defiance of God Almighty, the same hatred of the Christian religion and their neighbors, the same delight in robbery and spoliations, the same clergy demonized, the same [illegible] women [[illegible]], the French *sans culottes* [illegible] breeched as Robespierre, Paine called themselves the women with their clothes tucked up to display their person in public like strumpets and she-trumpeters. These American disciples of French infernal apostles strive by public riots to reverse their Savior's precept—that on love of God and of neighbors hang all the law and the prophets, for which their age of reason substitutes hell-fired hatred of fellow-countrymen. Fortunately, this odious alienation has not yet proved so fatal as fear and disgust naturally misconceive. For much as our Eastern have contrived to foment hatred between themselves and their Southern fellow-countrymen in union, still that abomination is by no means so desperate or dangerous as the hatred of other united people—English and Irish for each other in the British Union; Austrians, Italians, Hungarians and Croatians in the German Union; Poles and Russians in their union, and hardly greater than that of the Gascons and Alsacians in France, who, though they cannot understand each other's language, yet are held together by wonderful concentration [of] patriotic loyalty to the same country.

Republican loyalty, founded on consent and content, is so much stronger than mechanical allegiance, controlled by force and compulsion, that no jeopardy has befallen American Union, which, on the contrary, is corroborated by every strain. We see now a South Carolina Senator, with a thousand negro slaves, clinging to the Union upheld against Abolition, with intense attachment; and that *sui generis* monster, John Brown, is almost, if not quite, the only American traitor ever executed. Since Liberty and Slavery were united in this Republic by nature, by territories, by rivers West and seas East, by language, lineage and other indissoluble ties, Abolitionists flatter themselves, with false unction laid to heart, when they think they can dismember such a Union. After the present Brown temporary hubbub passes away, as it soon will, the chief result of Brown's treason will be the election next year of a Unionist for President, strongly pronounced against Abolition, beyond all doubt, by a large majority. No future event can be more certain.

For Brown has been the only genuine, heroic Abolitionist that has appeared. Their railing at slavery from a distance is like dogs baying at the moon. Sincere, earnest and determined Abolitionists would, like Brown, march right upon the negro quarters, storm them and covet martyrdom, however inevitable. Preaching, praying and lecturing at a distance where there is no slavery, howling homilies over that martyr's carcase after he was hanged, all such coarse sentimentality, either prefatory or posthumous, is sheer nonsense of abolition. Lecturing Abolition at twenty-five cents a ticket, or preaching it on a salary of so much a year, may feed and perhaps celebrate the play actors of modern spectacles, caricatures of Roman *panem et circenses* for the entertainment of chambermaids, idlers and other rabble. But hundreds of miles from the scene of action, it is but sterile poltroonery, although misdemeanors indictable by common law. Every honest, efficacious Abolitionist must imitate that Beelzebub of their demoniac saints, John Brown, by which alone can they either free slaves, whether willing or not, or sow in prison or on gibbets the seeds of an effectual martyrology. A few clergymen hanged in their canonicals, with strong-minded women in short petticoats, would be a spectacle not indeed to be desired, but which might at least vouch the sincerity of those who only howl at it when there is danger, and most of them because they reckon on the gullibility of their auditors, like Anti-Masons, Know-Nothings or some other hypocritical false pretence of partisan contrivance. Without some heroic risk of life like Brown's, all the rest is leather and prunella. To bring out Victor Hugo's French or old Harriet Martineau's English impertinence, there must be something more striking than hired preachers keeping their precious persons hundreds of miles from any scene of action, railing, as nothing is easier or more useless, like that at Turkish polygamy or Chinese infanticide.

If the Abolitionists will not attest their sincerity by martyrdom, the only other remedy for their sufferings is disunion. And as root-and-branch, Free Soil, Kansas Aid Societies, territorial devices and all other contrivances by acts of Assembly, Governors, Judges, mobs and what not, to nullify the Constitution, are palpable violations of it, the true and permanent relief for Abolitionists of all shades, denominations and degrees, will be separation of the States, departing from the pledges of their forefathers, and constituting themselves openly in another, if they think so, better Confederacy, without the contamination of slavery.

The New England States, with New York colonized by them, confederated with the Canadas and other British North American provinces, might form another Union—a North-Eastern Union—separated from us, who can endure our present condition. The North-Eastern Union would have the benefit of all the English abhorrence of slavery, with fifty thousand fugitive slaves to exemplify their humanity, and we should be left in the South-Western Union, as always heretofore, with politics, interests, habits and progress such as Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Jackson, Tyler, Taylor and Polk, slaveholding Chief Magistrates, have, from first to last, impressed on us, and, as we think, much to our prosperous development; all the Northern Presidents, the two Adamses and Mr. Van Buren, concurring in their system of government.

With filial reverence for the Federal Constitution as framed originally, I shall deplore any such faction as this last of all, its North-Eastern faction, and, being of New England lineage, part with regret from the New England States. If they can no longer endure the slave communion, I hope we shall part in peace, as a venerable founder, but inveterate slaveholder, Abraham, said to Lot, let there be no strife between us, because we be brethren; there is room enough for all of you of the North-Eastern Union. Go to Sodom.

We of the South-Western Union can abide content with Canada.

I am, gentlemen, your humble servant.

C. J. INGERSOLL.

The Tammany Society of New York.

THE STANDARD.

THE LIFE AND LABORS OF GERRIT SMITH.

[illegible] by [illegible] an education—His interest [illegible] applica[tion] to business—[His] interest in [philanthropic] and Reformatory enterprise—His [acq]uaintance with John Brown—His opposition to violence and [illegible]—His [view] of civil government—His predictions of [insu]rrection as the natural fruit of slavery—His views illustrated [by] extracts from his speeches—[illegible] [illness] and insanity the result [of] severe [illegible] mental [labor]—[His] convalescence and hope [illegible].

PETERBORO, Madison Co., Jan. 14th, 1860.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

AMONG the many incidents of deep interest which have transpired within a few months past, the illness and temporary insanity of the Hon. Gerrit Smith have attracted much attention; and as very few of the great number who have known and loved Mr. Smith for many years have a correct knowledge of the causes which led to his temporary aberration of mind, I thought I would write you in relation to the matter.

Mr. Smith is now about sixty-three years of age, and few men in the world have done more hard work in a life-time than he. His father, Judge Peter Smith, came into this region nearly three fourths of a century ago, an early pioneer of civilization; and he became, in time, a very large landholder. At the age of twelve years, Gerrit Smith was taken into his father's office, to assist in his business. He afterward entered college, and in due time graduated with high honors; and shortly after, the vast and complicated interests involved in the ownership of nearly a million acres of land were gradually placed in his hands. For long periods together his average labor in the office was thirteen hours per day, and his evenings were given mostly to correspondence upon the various moral and political reforms, the claims of which he early acknowledged, and whose triumphs he has earnestly labored to secure. Besides the above labors, he has made innumerable journeys, given addresses without number upon the great questions of Temperance, Land Reform, Slavery and Civil Government, and assisted in the formation of numerous political, reformatory and benevolent associations.

It is now some fourteen or fifteen years since Gerrit Smith became acquainted with John Brown. Mr. Smith had given a large quantity of land, situated in Essex Co., N. Y., to a colony of colored people, in the hope of thus advancing their welfare and that of their race.

John Brown, then a resident of Springfield, Mass., felt it his duty to leave his home and remove to Essex County, and, being a practical farmer, to devote his energies and give the benefit of his experience to the advancement of the interests of that colony.

The noble devotion of Brown, in thus sacrificing his own interests for the benefit of those who were considered the outcasts of society, made a deep impression upon the mind of Gerrit Smith; and a strong and lasting friendship grew up between them. As, in process of time, the grand characteristics of Brown appeared more and more—his sterling honesty, based upon a deep religious principle, his firmness and yet tenderness of heart—the respect and love which Gerrit Smith had felt for him greatly increased, and the attachment which existed between them became greater even than that of brotherly love.

The colony in Essex County did not succeed well; under the circumstances of its existence, it would have been surprising if it had. Most of the colored people, unused to the cold climate of northern New York, removed; but John Brown and his family still remained at North Elba.

When the Kansas struggle began, Mr. Brown's deepest sympathies were enlisted on the side of freedom. He resolved to go with his brave sons to Kansas, become settlers there, and throw their weight on the side of the cause of human liberty. He laid his plan before Mr. Smith and asked his assistance, which was readily granted.

In the year 1855 there was a large anti-slavery meeting in session in Syracuse, and John Brown, on his way to Kansas came into the meeting. Mr. Brown presented the cause of the Free State settlers there, described the outrages committed upon them by the Slave Power, and asked for means to enable him, on reaching Kansas, to relieve the extreme wants of those settlers who had lost their property by the invasions of the Border Ruffians, and to assist them also in arming and defending themselves. Lewis Tappan and Rev. S. J. May opposed the idea of contributing for the purchase of deadly weapons, though they advocated giving money to relieve the wants of the outraged settlers in Kansas. Gerrit Smith fully agreed with Messrs. Tappan and May in opposing the idea of contributing for the purchase of arms. Some others expressed similar views; and, as the audience were divided upon the question, Messrs. Tappan, May, Smith and the others who opposed the purchase of arms with their contributions expressly stated to Mr. Brown that they gave *only* to relieve the wants of those who had been wronged and plundered in Kansas. I mention this because, as you know, much pains has been taken to implicate Gerrit Smith in the affair at Harper's Ferry; while, in fact, he has ever—and I think *wrongly*—opposed insurrection, violence and bloodshed. This opposition I have often heard him express in public and private, for eight or nine years past.

In 1856, I chanced to be in Syracuse on the 1st of October, and attended a "Jerry Rescue Celebration." Gerrit Smith presided. I recollect that on that occasion some one present advocated the liberation of the slaves by violent means. Gerrit Smith rose in much excitement and made a very strong speech against the use of violence; he declared that the glory of the act of the rescue of Jerry was that it was done *without taking human life*, and, to my surprise, expressed great sympathy and pity for the slaveholder. Said he, "I pity the poor slaveholder! I pity him more than I do the slave!" "More than you do the slave?" asked the advocates of violence. "Yes," answered Smith, "much more; for the slaveholder is the victim of a fatal delusion, which is endorsed by most of the Churches and clergy of this country—a delusion which is ruining the slaveholder, soul and body, for time and eternity! God will take care of the slave; but the poor slaveholder will never know till he stands before his God the evil he has done!"

Though Mr. Smith has thus ever opposed insurrection, he is not a thorough non-resistant; he believes GOVERNMENT is *divinely instituted*; and while he denies the right of the injured *individual* to take human life, he believes government, for *good cause*, may do so, and that the *innocent* subject should be protected in his rights at *whatever cost to the guilty*. This theory he laid down and somewhat elaborated in his address before the American Peace Society at Boston, in May, 1858.

Holding this view, he did not, after the Free State men of Kansas had really created a government, oppose their right of forcible self-defence, and his conduct on all occasions has been consistent with the above views.

In his speech in Congress upon the Nebraska bill, he speaks as follows:

"Let me not be misunderstood. Let me not be supposed to fear that American slavery will not come to an end. My fear is that it will not be brought to an end by government. I have no fear that it will not be abolished. It will be abolished, and at no distant day. If the government fail to abolish it, it will abolish itself. The colored people of this nation, bond and free, number four millions, and are multiplying rapidly. They are all victims of slavery—or if the free are not in the *umbra* they are, nevertheless, in the *penumbra* of slavery. Hence, then, as well as by identity of race, they are bound together by the strongest sympathy. Moreover, if not carried along as rapidly as others, nevertheless they are carried along in the general progressive knowledge of human rights. Such being the case, it [is] not to be supposed that they can be held in their present condition for ages longer. They will deliver themselves, if they are not delivered. He must be blind to history, to philosophy, to the nature of man, who can suppose that such a system as American slavery can have a long life, even in circumstances most favorable to its continuance. In the most benighted portions of the earth, the victims of such a system would, in process of time, come to such a sense of their wrongs and their power also, as to rise up and throw off the system. [illegible] here such a system must be hurried to its end is certain. For here it is entirely out of harmony with all the institutions around it, and with all the professions of those who uphold it. Here it is continually pressed upon by ten thousand influences adverse to its existence. Nothing so much as American slavery stands in the way of the progress of the age. A little time longer and it must yield to this progress, and be numbered with the things that were. The only question is whether it shall have a peaceful or a violent death—whether it shall quietly recede before advancing truth or resist [and] be [illegible].

"God forbid that American slavery should come to a violent end [illegible] with [illegible] that no revolution is worth the shedding of [blood]. A violent end to American slavery would constitute one of the [bloodi]est chapters in all the book of time. It would be such a [illegible] for deep and damning wrongs—such an outpouring of [illegible] and pent-up revenge—as living man has never seen. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] any [illegible] terms [illegible] a perverse [illegible] be very [illegible] to bring within its [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] and the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] presses [illegible] [illegible] Peace [illegible] we would [illegible] He [illegible] however, [illegible] North and [illegible] [illegible] in the [illegible] slavery [illegible] their penitence [illegible] say from the heart, 'We are verily guilty concerning our brother' [illegible] to [illegible] in their hands [illegible] putting away [illegible] and unsurpassed sin."

Mr. Smith has thus ever predicted insurrection, unless the government would take in hand the abolition of slavery; and, as the years rolled by, and the Church and clergy grew more intensely wicked in their advocacy of oppression—as the political parties grew more tame in their defence of freedom, the old "Liberty party" itself becoming extinct—the moral efforts made for the destruction of slavery seeming all unavailing—the African slave trade actually reöpened—and the darkness of midnight shutting down upon the slave—in view of all this, it required no power of prophecy to foresee that slavery must end in insurrection and bloodshed. Yet for this disastrous ending, long foreseen by Mr. Smith, he has ever blamed the *North* much more than the *South*.

These predictions of insurrection are nothing new; nor has Gerrit Smith alone made them. Phillips, Garrison, Pillsbury, Higginson, and many others, have uttered them for years, at the great anti-slavery gatherings; and the man must be stolid indeed who can have failed to see the coming of the dark shadow of servile war for ten years past. Insurrections are not "got up"; they grow out of the *nature of things*, and have done so throughout human history.

The charges made against Mr. Smith of complicity in the Harper's Ferry affair are of themselves of trifling importance, and made for the purpose of creating political capital for a sinking cause; they have failed of their object; and, like all the wretched tribe of pro-slavery falsehoods, they now skulk from the light of day. But still, as the subject of the destruction of slavery by violent means is now emphatically before the country—a question on either side of which the most eminent Abolitionists of the land are ranging themselves—it is well, perhaps, that the long and consistent opposition of Gerrit Smith to the use of violence should be fully brought to light.

At the Wisconsin State Anti-Slavery Convention, held at Milwaukee, in June, 1857, Mr. Smith addressed a very large audience, and, speaking of the slaveholders of the South, said:

"That the slaveholder is, to a large extent, unconscious of the wickedness of his relation, is beyond controversy. Deplorable, however, as is this unconsciousness, it happily leaves room in his [heart] for goodness. Virtues the slaveholder can certainly have. Washington was a slaveholder, and strikingly were the noble virtues [illegible] in [illegible]. We must dismiss our prejudices against [illegible] [illegible] his [illegible] [illegible] men [illegible] graced with [illegible] traits of character. Of course, [illegible] could [not] be did he know the wickedness of his relation. Were he to know that, to continue in the relation—to see his sin and yet to cling to it—his whole soul would be so debased that nothing virtuous, nothing generous could spring up or live in it. Unconsciousness of his wrong explains the possibility of his goodness.

"That the slaveholder should persist in remaining a slaveholder ought not to surprise us; nor ought we to regard him as pre-eminently wicked for such persistence. Think how rarely, even among ourselves, a man becomes, in the full and emphatic sense of the word, an Abolitionist. All over the world a new education is needed—an education into simple, honest love of manhood, and into a deep and abiding reverence for it. Hitherto, at the North as well as at the South, our schools and churches have not been such as to impress men with the dignity and grandeur of their common nature. In every part of our country the work is still undone of bringing men to believe

"'That the one sole sacred thing beneath the cope of Heaven is MAN!'

"Open the eyes of the slaveholder to the greatness and glory of man—even of the most bruised and battered specimen of man—and he is at once an Abolitionist. The like discovery can alone transform the non-slaveholder into an Abolitionist. All those before whose Heaven anointed vision stand revealed the divine image and the moral sublimity of man—all those and none others are Abolitionists. As impossible would it be for him who is blessed with this revelation to oppress or despise his brother as to pour contempt upon the pyramids among the works of man, or upon Mount Blanc among the works of God."

Mr. Smith sympathized deeply with the cause of down-trodden Hungary, yet, when Kossuth made his appeals to the American people, he gave not a dollar in aid of the cause, knowing that Kossuth contemplated following up a bloody revolution, in order to throw off the Austrian yoke. Last summer, during the Italian war, Kossuth having gone to rally his countrymen, Col. Asbot, one of his aids (and an esteemed acquaintance of Mr. Smith's), appealed to the friends of Hungary for assistance to enable exiled Hungarians to join their countrymen. Yet Mr. Smith refused to give anything to the object, because violence and bloodshed were, of course, contemplated.

In our Sunday meetings here, where we often discuss the question of slavery, I have always heard him express similar views in relation to servile insurrection.

In June last, in a Reform Convention held here, Mr. Smith offered a resolution declaring, in effect, that the churches and the political parties had left the slave to perish, and warned the people that their indifference to the slave's condition must sooner or later lead inevitably to scenes of violence; for the slave, already enlightened, finding himself forsaken, would rise in his despair upon the tyrant.

Mr. Redpath, you may recollect, in a letter to *The Tribune*, some weeks since, speaks of Mr. Smith's letter to him in relation to his book, "The Roving Editor," which Mr. Smith condemned for its justification of violence.

The wife of Gerrit Smith is a native of Hagerstown, Maryland, and they have many relatives residing there and in the vicinity. At various times Mr. Smith has given large sums of money to prominent residents in that region, to enable them to emancipate their slaves; and certainly it *would* be a little surprising if he had helped Capt. Brown carry war to their very thresholds!

The *great doctrine* of Gerrit Smith has ever been that "there CAN BE NO VALID LAW for slavery," and his policy has been to create a political party which should take this impregnable ground, and destroy slavery by the ballot. This accomplished, while utterly denying the *legal claim* of the slaveholder to compensation, yet, as the North has shared with the South in the guilt of slavery, he has advocated that the North should assist in bearing the loss of the slave-owner, consequent upon the liberation of the slaves.

In relation to the recent illness and temporary insanity of Mr. Smith, the following facts will probably be interesting to his friends.

I have alluded to the immense labors of his life; but notwithstanding these, and several very severe attacks of illness, at various times during the last thirty years, on the whole—in consequence of having inherited a strong constitution, and having constantly practised strict habits of temperance—he has preserved a remarkable vigor of body and mind.

In 1857, however, he had a very severe attack of typhoid fever. Simultaneously with this, and continuing through it, he suffered terribly from a neuralgic affection of the head. He lay low for many weeks, and his life was despaired of. At last he recovered from the fever, but only to suffer from new disease; dropsy began to show itself to an alarming degree, and then dyspepsia—an old enemy of his—became severe and painful. As the dyspepsia increased, the dropsy disappeared; but he has since suffered greatly at times from indigestion. He had also the heart complaint to such a degree that he has not been able to lie on his left side for more than a year past.

In 1858, he received the nomination for Governor from a small Convention of his friends at Syracuse; and, desiring to rouse the people to an united effort for Temperance and Freedom, and believing the time and labor would be well spent whether he were elected or not, he canvassed the State as an independent candidate. In some forty counties of this "Empire State" he addressed more than fifty large assemblies of the people; he travelled night and day, and occasionally returned home so haggard and worn that his friends greatly feared he would break down under the labor. His speeches at these meetings were very exhausting, as he invited free questioning and discussion upon all subjects within the range of civil government; and, by the way, in all these meetings he warned the people, if they did not arise and abolish slavery, it would abolish itself by bloodshed. He spoke at these meetings on an average *two and a half* [hours]. This was altogether too much for him, and his [illegible] dyspepsia was [greatly] increased in [illegible]. Still, the experience [illegible] labor be ever [la]mented, for his position as a candidate gave him an opportunity to meet large numbers of the people, and to enforce the great truths of Temperance and Freedom, and Righteous Civil Government; and the good seed sown by him in that canvass will yet bear a harvest to be reaped by those who shall come after him.

After the election, he took up again the great topic of the "Religion of Reason." Early in 1858 he had made an able address upon this subject. In January, 1859, he delivered the second discourse upon the same; and in June, of the same year, he delivered, to a large audience assembled in Convention here, the third discourse of the series. This last involved much historical research, and, as it was marked by a deep philosophical analysis of the *religious nature of man*, it must, in his then state of health, have cost him severe labor. Besides this, he wrote extensively upon other topics, controlled his immense business, and kept up his almost boundless correspondence.

For more than a year past many of Mr. Smith's friends have remarked in him a preternatural brilliancy of mind. It blazed constantly, and in its unnatural vigor seemed to seek almost in vain sufficient material to feed its fires. Always coherent, lucid and logical in its operations, yet its boundless *activity* was noticed by those around him.

In the spring of 1859, John Brown made a short visit to Peterboro. He had been to Canada with the slaves so nobly rescued in Missouri, and stopped here on his way back. Mr. Brown addressed a goodly audience in the Free Church. Here, again, Gerrit Smith expressed his views against bloodshed, and, in a short speech introducing Capt. Brown, he dwelt with pleasure upon the fact that these Missouri slaves had been liberated without the shedding of blood. Capt. Brown then made some remarks upon the troubles in Kansas, commented upon the encroachments of the Slave Power, and, by request, gave an account of his recent expedition with his little band into Missouri and of the rescue of the slaves which he had just safely landed in Canada. He justified his conduct, and, like Gerrit Smith, rejoiced that their humane object had been accomplished without bloodshed.

Capt. Brown, when here, was not well; he had recently [ha]d [an] attack of fever and ague, and was still suffering from it, [and] complained also of partial loss of hearing; and it is highly probable that the mistakes which the glorious old man made at Harper's Ferry were partly in consequence of feebleness caused by great exposure and failing health. Capt. Brown was here one day only, and left the next morning.

For the last four or five years Gerrit Smith has been in the constant habit of furnishing Capt. Brown and his family with pecuniary assistance, never refusing any application for money or a draft. Capt. Brown and his brave sons had devoted their energies and risked their lives, had suffered outrage, persecution and loss of property, for the furtherance of the cause of human freedom; and Mr. Smith thought it but right that while Brown and his children gave *all* to Liberty, he should give liberally of his abundance for their support.

I have spoken of the deep attachment which existed between Capt. Brown and Gerrit Smith. In Brown's journeys to and from Kansas, he always paid the family of Mr. Smith a short visit, and had won the love of all; and you can judge the anguish of their hearts when the news came of the affair at Harper's Ferry; the news that violence had taken place, that blood had been shed, and precious lives lost; that their dear old friend Capt. Brown was a prisoner, wounded, suffering, and, with his brave companions, hastening to a felon's death! and as, day by day, the details came of their patient endurance of pain, and their heroic fortitude in view of their certain doom, the accumulation of disaster and misery was too much for the feeble body and overtaxed brain of Gerrit Smith, and he sank under it! Several days passed, and it became evident to his friends that it would be necessary to place Mr. Smith in the care of those who, having devoted many years to the study of brain diseases, were best able to cope with them; and he was therefore conveyed to the Asylum at Utica. During this time Mr. Smith had almost entirely rejected nourishment, and had been deprived of sleep. On his arrival at Utica, I understand, Dr. Gray, the distinguished physician at the Asylum, remarked that they had not brought him too soon; that a delay of forty-eight hours would probably have resulted in death. So utterly prostrated was his physical system that the beating of the pulse was scarcely perceptible.

The physicians commenced at once giving him stimulants and the most nourishing diet. I am informed that Dr. Gray is of the opinion that dyspepsia was the *immediate*, and the typhoid fever of 1857 the *more remote*, cause of the whole difficulty; and, with a singularly keen perception of the case, he expressed the belief that the brain had been disturbed in its functions for a long time. This view corresponds exactly with the observations of Mr. Smith's friends, who had noticed the unusual excitement for more than a year past.

The insanity of Mr. Smith, both before and after his removal to the Asylum, was *general* in its character, and extended to all subjects, embracing even his pecuniary affairs, etc. All hope of his recovery seemed then to turn upon the point whether the *physical system* could be restored to its healthy tone; if so, the brain would at once resume its functions. The highly judicious treatment which Mr. Smith received soon began to exhibit the most hopeful results; sleep was obtained by the use of anodynes, which were then gradually diminished; soon he was able to see his friends; and after spending about four weeks in the Asylum proper, he became an inmate of Dr. Gray's family. He has thus steadily improved; and about two weeks since, Dr. G. decided to try the effect of *home* upon him, and accompanied him to Peterboro.

Mr. Smith is still feeble, is easily exhausted, and he will not be able to mingle in active life for a long time to come. He does not think of going to Europe, at least at present; and it is to be hoped that his many kind friends will be *judicious*, and not, in their kindness, wear him out with calls and correspondence. As Theodore Parker said, in answer to *his* thousand correspondents, "The spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak."

Mr. Smith has not read a newspaper since October last (though he is fully aware of the great events which have transpired), and his physicians forbid him to read, write or study for a long time to come. He converses freely on all the lighter topics of the day, but, by his physician's advice, he avoids, as much as possible, dwelling upon those subjects which tax heavily the mental powers.

Mr. Smith is perfectly sane on all subjects; still, his brain is *very tender*, and he is easily fatigued; and should any very painful event transpire, such as the loss of a member of his family, for instance, the shock would probably produce a relapse which might prove fatal to his recovery. He sleeps quite well, and with the use of but little medicine; yet he does not get sleep enough. He has a good appetite, and an improving digestion his spirits are good, though he sometimes feels that he shall never be able to take part in the active scenes of life; but this is a natural feeling to one whose system has received so severe a shock, and who is still quite feeble. All his near friends feel confident that he will ultimately be restored to his pristine vigor, and it is quite possible that, under the excellent medical treatment which he has received, he may even be *better* in body and mental health than he has been for many years. He rides and walks every pleasant day, and is round the village, ministering, as usual, to the wants of the sick and poor.

Day by day, as we watch his progress, we see the "sink[ing] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] perseverance [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] coffee for thirty years—honor the drafts made upon it splendidly and give back its treasures in the hour of need.

Strange as it may seem, the opinion of Mr. Smith's physicians is undoubtedly correct, which is, that the shock which he received, and which has produced a temporary aberration of mind, should be looked upon as a *blessing* rather than an *evil*; for, in consequence of his brain being in a state of preternatural excitement for more than a year past, consuming by its extreme activity the vitality of his system and gradually exhausting the recuperative powers, he was hurrying on to a condition of *acute* and *hopeless insanity* which sad condition he must soon have reached, had he not by this shock been stopped in his career, and brought under prompt aid, as the result shows, most judicious medical treatment.

I understand that Dr. Gray smiles when he hears the insanity of Mr. Smith attributed to the affair at Harper's Ferry. He declares this to be but the *incident* which developed more plainly a state of things which *had long existed*, and whose latent cause was doubtless the typhoid fever of 1857. Any other exciting event would have produced the same result, and this most distressing affair at Harper's Ferry was only, as it were, a handful of straw thrown upon a fire *long since kindled*. In view of this fact, Mr. Smith's affliction becomes in truth a SALVATION, and as such his friends everywhere should look upon it.

It is said, upon the best authority, that there are a great many persons in the higher walks of life, particularly among the wealthy classes, who every year die of insanity, because their relatives are too proud to have them become inmates of the Insane Asylum. They thus needlessly perish, and, in the reports of deaths, these cases are set down as "*brain fevers*." This is a foolish pride indeed; as if insanity were not as honest and respectable a disease as gout or rheumatism! As if a brain diseased, by being over-worked or stopped in its natural functions, was not just as much a *physical* disability as a wrenched ancle or a broken leg!

Gerrit Smith is not yet old; he is at this time seventeen years, at least, *younger* than Brougham; yet the latter is hale and strong, and doubtless may keep on his great career for years to come. Comte, the great French philosopher, wrote his most profound works *after recovering from a fit of insanity*; and in view of all the facts above given, we may look forward with hope and confidence to the time when Gerrit Smith, fully recovered from his illness, shall be again, as he has long been, among the foremost in all intellectual and humane efforts for the redemption of his race from every form of physical and spiritual bondage. Yours, truly, O. W. P.

SATANIC OMENS.

The Herald has been rightly named "The Satanic Press." Except *The New York Observer*, we know of no journal that could dispute its claims to such preëminence. Both these papers serve the same cause, but each in a way peculiar to itself; the difference being mainly this: that while *The Herald* scarcely pretends to be governed by any moral principle whatever, *The Observer* adopts the Pecksniffian method, masking its wickedness under a cloak of piety. Both are filled with the most malignant misrepresentations of the Abolitionists, and both are laboring with might and main to excite against them the selfishness, the ignorance, the prejudice and all the baser passions of the community. The tendency of their inculcations, if not their deliberate object, is to inaugurate at the North the same "Reign of Terror" which exists at the South, and for which they are constantly offering apologies, if not open justification. If they admit that the violent suppression of freedom of speech and the press at the South and the lynching and expulsion of Northern citizens are wrong, it is only for the purpose of giving point to their censures of the Abolitionists, whom they malignantly hold responsible for all these exhibitions of the spirit of slavery, just as wicked men of old held Jesus and his Apostles responsible for the wickedness developed by their preaching.

We have cherished the hope that the day of pro-slavery mobs at the North had gone by; but recent indications lead us to fear a revival of the spirit which, in 1835, made it dangerous to property and life to hold an anti-slavery meeting. What could be more Satanic than such auguries as these from *The Herald*?

"But there is another effect which will soon be developed, and which the incendiary journals in their headlong career do not foresee; and that is, to destroy their own cause, and probably themselves. Their exaggerated reports of the outrages on Northern men at the South will produce a reaction in the Middle States, for the good sense of the people—their second sober sense—will cause them to reflect on the probable end of these deplorable movements—the secession of the Southern States and the ruin of the North—and they will seek out the cause of the catastrophe, and find it in the course of incendiary journalists and abolition leaders, *who will be visited with their vengeance, and, if they persist in their agitation, will not only be tarred and feathered, but probably hanged*. The logical tendency of the events at the South, which these journals so magnify, is to produce a civil war, not at the South, but at the North; for when the Northern people find that the Union is about to be broken up, and that the Southern States are on the verge of secession, *they will put down the anti-slavery agitation, even at the point of the bayonet*; and if the Abolitionists resist, then will begin an 'irrepressible conflict' of a very different nature from that which Mr. Seward contemplates. Mr. Hickman, in the House of Representatives, absurdly talks of eighteen millions of Northern men invading the South to compel it to return to the Union. When the Union is dissolved by Southern secession, Mr. Hickman, if he lives, will see eighteen millions of Northern men, or rather the fighting men out of eighteen millions of Northern population, not marching against the South, but arraying against each other, in one of the most fratricidal wars that has ever been waged since the time of the thirty years' bloody strife in England between the houses of York and Lancaster.

"There never will be a war between the two sections, North and South. If war comes, it will be between the Abolitionists and the conservative and commercial classes at the North itself; it will be a bloody internecine feud, a direful civil war within our own borders—in New York, New England and the Central States—while the South will enjoy profound peace, because it will have sent out all the dangerous abolition agitators, and there will remain but one harmonious element. In the event of such a frightful disaster as a civil war in the Northern States, *we may expect to see such abolition fanatics as Garrison, Phillips, Greeley and Theodore Parker hung up to the lamp-posts by Lynch law, the victims of the passions of a justly incensed multitude*."

These prognostications tend directly to their own fulfilment, and we are by no means sure that the Abolitionists will not ere long have to pass through a period of persecution and mobocratic violence more terrible by far than that of 1834–5–6. The slaveholders, through the tools in Northern cities and towns, may be mad enough to make one more desperate effort to destroy the freedom of speech and the press in the free States; but of the success of such an effort we have no fears.

O'CONOR HONORED IN VIRGINIA.

THE slaveholders are in ecstacies over the speech lately made by Charles O'Conor at the Academy of Music. They say he has struck the "key-note" for them in their controversy with the Abolitionists, and that the Conservatism which does not attune its utterances to this "pitch"—which, in other words, refuses to declare that it is right to extort labor by the lash, to keep the laboring class in ignorance by penal enactments, and to breed children for the market like calves and pigs—is not up to the demands of the hour. They have no confidence in the North except as Mr. O'Conor's doctrine shall be accepted as an article of her political faith; and here they are exactly right, since on no other ground is it possible to answer the arguments of the Abolitionists, vindicate the Constitution, or justify the continuance of slavery for a single hour. No wonder they are delighted by the open avowal of such a doctrine by one of the most eminent lawyers of the North; nor that, in their desperation, they should regard it as a coming revolution favorable to their cause. It would be surprising indeed if they were not grateful for such a champion in this their hour of extremity.

The Senate of Virginia, on the 5th inst., gave a banquet at Richmond in honor of ex-Lieut.-Governor Jackson. The F. F. V.s came together on the occasion in full force, and ventilated their patriotism in speeches hissing hot with indignation toward the Northern "fanatics." They did not forget to offer a tribute of thanks to Mr. O'Conor. John Randolph Tucker, Attorney-General of the State, gave utterance to their feelings in language which we will transcribe:

"Now, there is one way in which this Union can be preserved. We never can and never should, in my opinion, concede for a moment that our institutions are anything else than eminently promotive of the greatest political prosperity; and until the Northern people come to understand distinctly and entirely that we are their equals—their coequals not only in political rights, but in moral rights, in the maintenance of our institutions, and that they are coequal with us in the maintenance of theirs—that under this common Constitution we have a right to maintain that line of civilization which we call the slave labor civilization—that wherever the free soils of our Constitution extends we are entitled to stand upon the basis of perfect equality, this Union cannot be a perpetuity (applause). I thank God that there is one man at the North—and that man a member of the same profession to which I have the honor to belong—who has struck the key-note to whose music we may all step. That man said, in a letter which I recently received from him, that there is one impression that must be made upon the Northern mind, and that is that the institutions of the South are not only not dangerous, but strictly moral and right, and that until the Northern people come to understand that there is a political as well as a Christian code which is to be recognized, and that we are right in the maintenance of our institutions, there can be no real Union. I will propose to you, gentlemen, a toast, which I trust we shall all drink standing. I will propose to you the health of the only man in all those Union meetings at the North who has really struck the true key-note of Union—I mean Charles O'Conor, Esq., of New York (loud applause)—the grasp of whose hand I have been honored in having, whose friendship I am honored in having—Charles O'Conor, a true son of the Emerald Isle—a true Irishman, but, by the Power above us, as true an American as steps the soil of this republic (loud applause). I propose to you the health of Charles O'Conor, a native of the Emerald Isle—a son of New York by adoption—let us hail him as a son of Virginia by honor (loud applause)."

The Abolitionists accept the issue thus presented. Let Mr. O'Conor and the whole tribe of Northern doughfaces labor with might and main to convince the Northern people that slavery is right, and let the Abolitionists continue to brand it as a sin and a crime; let both sides of the argument be fairly presented from the pulpit, press and forum; and then let the People of the North record their verdict. The friends of freedom will not shrink from the conflict or fear the result.

HOW TO DEVELOP CONSERVATISM AT THE NORTH.—Lieutenant-Governor Montague of Virginia, at a recent political banquet in honor of his retiring predecessor, presented the following plan for arousing a spirit of conservatism at the North:

"Nothing but conservatism at the North can save the Union. Is there conservatism enough at the North to save the Union? If there is, it is asleep, and must be aroused. How can this be done? By resolutions in your Legislature, which mean nothing?—by preambles and resolutions of mass meetings? No, sir; no, sir. We want a Convention, or Congress of the Southern States; not called by mass meetings and mercantile associations, but convened by law—by laws of the Southern States—to assemble and counsel together as to the best mode of our defence and protection. Let there be such an assembly as this—an assembly of the people, not of politicians—clothed in legal panoply. Let them meet not to dissolve, but, if possible, to save the Union. Let them tell the North we want to live with you if we can live together upon terms of equality; that we have made no war on you; we have in no wise assailed your rights. You have warred upon us, you have assailed our dearest rights; and you must stop short. You must repeal your unjust and unconstitutional legislation against us and our institutions. You must put conservative men in office, and we will stay with you. But unless you do listen to the voice of reason, of justice and right, we mean to resume our original rights and separate from you, and maintain that separation, peaceably if we can, forcibly if we must. Let the united voice of the South then go up to the North, and if there be, as stated, an element of conservatism potent enough to do the South justice and save the Union, this will develop it. If this won't, nothing will, and the sooner the South knows it the better, and the moment she does know it, in my judgment this Union ought to be dissolved."

We hope this plan may be tried; and the sooner it is done the better. The result will be, we predict, the development at the North of a spirit far different from that which, according to Mr. Montague, can alone save the Union.

IDLE BOASTING.—At the banquet lately given in Richmond, by the Senate of Virginia, to ex-Lieutenant-Governor Jackson, Alexander R. Holladay delivered a speech, in which he made "an offering of gratitude" to the martyr of Harper's Ferry, as follows:

"There is one offering of gratitude due to a very noted man who has lately expiated upon the gallows the highest crime known to our law. I desire here to say—even if I am hissed—I am pretty well accustomed to being groaned and hissed—I desire, whilst I detest the man as much as any of you, to give expression to my gratitude to that man—I mean the leader of the Harper's Ferry raid—for the signal and valuable service which he has done to us (laughter). I will say that in a few days he has done more to excite public opinion, and stimulate the ardor of the South in the maintenance and advocacy of the rights of that section, than all the men from the Potomac to the Rio Grande could have done for an age (laughter). I therefore say, with the utmost detestation for the man, that here is a tribute of gratitude due to him for the service he has done."

That John Brown did much to "excite public opinion and stimulate the ardor of the South" is unquestionable; but her conduct under the stimulus thus applied, her trepidation, cowardice and terror, her insolent bravado and threatenings, and, above all, her outrages upon Northern men suspected of loving liberty better than slavery, and her suppression of the freedom of speech and the press, have only served to reveal more clearly to the people of the North the preposterous wickedness of the slave system and to impress them with the conviction that they ought, were it only to protect their own liberties, to combine together for its utter extermination. Mr. Holladay's exultation is like that of the man who, in passing a grave yard in the darkness, whistled to conceal his terror.

COOL EFFRONTERY.—The following toast was lately given at a political banquet in Richmond, Va., and responded to by O. Jennings Wise, editor of *The Enquirer* and son of the ex-Governor:

The Press—Its freedom is one of the great bulwarks of liberty—May it always be controlled by wisdom, patriotism and virtue.

Eulogies of the freedom of the press from the lips of politicians of Virginia at the present time are not les

preposterous nor less hypocritical than they would be in he mouths of any of the despots of the Old World. There s, there *can* be, no such freedom where slavery prevails. In Virginia, at this very hour, no man can publicly maintain the doctrines in respect to slavery which were held by Washington, Jefferson, Madison and Patrick Henry—nay, which were avowed not many years ago by the present Governor of that State — without incurring the danger of being imprisoned or hanged !

THE HARPER'S FERRY INVESTIGATION.

Correspondence of The Herald.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 18, 1860.

MR. ARNY was before the Senate Brown Raid Investigating Committee for the third time to-day. His testimony covers about sixty foolscap pages. The following is the substance :

Mr. Arny testified that previous to the destruction at Lawrence, Kansas, of *The Press* printing-office and Free State Hotel, in May, 1856, there was not a single Kansas Aid Society or committee in existence in the free States ; that the first committee was appointed in the spring of 1856, at Bloomington, Illinois, of which he was the secretary and agent ; that about the same time a meeting was held at Chicago, Illinois, and that a subscription of twenty thousand dollars was made by the citizens, without regard to party, to aid the sufferers in Kansas, and to open the thoroughfares through Missouri to Kansas, which were closed by armed Missourians both on the river and inland. In July, 1856, the National Kansas Aid Committee was organized at Buffalo, New York, with one member from each free State. Abraham Lincoln was appointed the member for Illinois, but when informed by letter of his appointment declined to act, as it would interfere with his political arrangements. Mr. Arny was appointed in his place, and chosen the general agent of the committee. Each State organized a committee auxiliary to the National committee, except the State of Massachusetts, which had a separate organization. Mr. Arny spoke of the Emigrant Aid Company, which existed previous to the year 1856, and said he went to Boston and applied to that company for assistance when the Missouri river was closed, and the officers of that company told him they were a financial organization or company, and could not depart from their charter to contribute for such objects.

Mr. Arny began to show what amount was contributed by the free States to aid Kansas after its invasion by Missourians, but was stopped by the chairman of the committee. I learn that Mr. Arny wanted to testify that there was placed in his hands, by individuals and committees, in money and clothing, over ninety-seven thousand dollars, and he wanted to present vouchers of its distribution to the sufferers in Kansas without regard to party ; besides which, he paid nearly five thousand out of his own means to assist the destitute in southern Kansas ; that Thaddeus Hyatt, President of the National Kansas Committee, appropriated of his own means several thousand dollars for the same purpose. E. C. Delevan, of Albany, New York, placed in the hands of Mr. Arny clothing worth about fifteen hundred dollars, with instructions to distribute it to the sufferers without regard to party or color, and that in all these appropriations there was but sixteen dollars expended for arms or military equipments of any kind ; that Gerrit Smith also contributed ten thousand dollars, which he gave with special directions that it should be appropriated for food and medicine for the destitute and sick, and not for purposes of warfare.

Mr. Arny's testimony shows that in 1856, when Missourians invaded Kansas, and closed the Missouri river, and turned back emigrants, a lot of arms were sent by some persons—he did not know who—to Kansas ; that boxes said to contain four hundred Sharp's rifles came to Chicago ; that one hundred of them were taken up the Missouri river and seized at Lexington, Mo. ; another hundred were seized at Waverley, Mo. When about to give a detailed history of these arms he was stopped.

Mr. Arny then testified that the other two hundred were sent to Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, and from there to Tabor, on the borders of Iowa and Nebraska, by wagon. He was about to state the condition of things at that time, the imminent danger of a civil war in Kansas, and his visit to Washington and conference with President Pierce, and that he told the President about these arms, and was told not to proceed. He testified that Brown applied for the rifles to the National Committee, at a session held in New York in January, 1857, and that committee refused to let him have them, and as they had not purchased them they gave the control of them to the Kansas Aid Committee in Massachusetts. Mr. Arny, resigning his office of Agent at this meeting, testified that he did not know anything about the arms after that time. He informed the committee that the reason the arms were not sent into Kansas was that President Pierce appointed Geary Governor of Kansas in place of Shannon, and Geary visited the Governor of Missouri, who took steps to open the thoroughfares of travel, and Geary turned the Missouri invaders back, thus making peace.

The substance of Arny's conversations with Brown, in 1858, in regard to his movements, was that Brown proposed to locate somewhere and run off slaves from the South, so as to make that kind of property insecure. Arny testifies that he opposed this mode of interference with slavery. Brown said he disliked the "do nothing" policy of the Abolitionists East, and said they never would effect anything by their milk-and-water principles. As to the Republicans, Brown thought they were of no account, for they were opposed to carrying the war into Africa—they were opposed to meddling with slavery in the States where it existed. Brown said his doctrine was to free the slaves by the sword. Arny wanted to know how he reconciled that with his Quaker peace principles which he held when he first knew him, more than twenty years ago. Brown said that the aggression of slavery, the murders and robberies perpetrated upon himself and members of his family, and the violation of law by Atchison and others in Kansas, from 1853 to that time, had convinced him that peace was but an empty word ; and he repeated his dislike to the Republican party and Abolitionists, saying they were cravens—that they had refused to assist him. Arny testified that he declined to have anything further to do with his operations.

I understand that Mr. Arny declined giving the names of persons in Massachusetts who are supposed to have had control of the rifles, as he could not state definitely who purchased them without referring to his books in Kansas, which the Committee would not give him time to procure. As Arny was in Cincinnati just previous to the receipt of the letter written to Secretary Floyd, announcing the intention to invade Virginia, it is supposed by some persons here that he was the author of it. One thing is considered certain, that the persistent representations to President Pierce, in 1856, by Arny, Hyatt, Gen. Pomeroy, and others, of the dangers of civil war growing out of the invasion of Kansas by Missourians, which invasion received the countenance of the Federal authorities of the Territories, induced the President to appoint Governor Geary, who restored peace to a considerable extent in the West, and saved the country from a bloody contest.

WASHINGTON, Saturday, Jan. 21, 1860.

Mr. Realf has been before the Senate Brown Raid Investigating Committee to-day.

He testified that Senator Wilson wrote a letter to Dr. Howe, in 1857 or 1858, stating that he learned from Mr. Forbes that Brown was about to make a raid into some of the Southern States for the purpose of liberating slaves, and that he would use money furnished him by parties in Massachusetts for his Kansas work to aid him in his new project; and that in his (Wilson's) opinion it was madness in Brown to attempt such a thing, and that he (Howe) must withdraw all means furnished or intended to be furnished him for services in Kansas, it they were to be misapplied in the manner indicated by Forbes.

Realf testifies that Howe sent a copy of Wilson's letter to Brown, informing the latter that the arms and money which had been furnished him for the protection of the settlers of Kansas would be withdrawn in consequence of the revelations made by Forbes through Wilson ; that Brown became enraged and abandoned his plan for awhile, but sometime subsequently pursued some pro-slavery men into Missouri and carried back with him several slaves.

Senator Wilson was notified to-day by Senator Mason that Realf had alluded to him in his testimony, and notified Wilson he could be present on Monday and read the testimony of Realf concerning his (Wilson's) correspondence with Howe, and make such explanation as he pleases. I learn that Wilson will appear and state what he knows about the matter.

B. B. Newton, a member of the National Kansas Aid Committee, referred to in Arny's testimony, arrived here to-day, and will be the next witness after Realf and Wilson.

The statement in *The Herald*, a few days since, that Brown was a Quaker when he first went to Kansas, was incorrect ; but he was a non-resistant.

Realf will not implicate any members of the Republican party in New England, although there are persons who belong to other organizations who may be slightly compromised.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 23.

Realf concluded his testimony before the committee to-day. It was a detailed account of the organization of the Brown Provisional Government in Canada, which has already been published. He testified that he went to England in 1858, and knew nothing about Brown's operations after that time. He was requested to examine certain letters found in Brown's bag, to see if he could identify them, but testified that he knew nothing about Brown's correspondence or the authorship of the letters. The committee give him credit for frankness. He will receive about $600 mileage, having been brought from Texas. It is evident that some members of the committee have been disappointed in Realf's testimony, he having testified to nothing of any importance that was not before in evidence.

Mr. B. B. Newton, the Vermont member of the National Kansas Committee, and previously the leader of a colony at Mapleton, Bourbon County, Kansas, confirmed the testimony of Mr. Arny concerning the refusal of the National Committee to furnish arms to Brown in 1857. When he commenced testifying in relation to the invasion of Kansas by armed bodies of men, he was stopped.

Senator Wilson went before the Senate Brown Raid Committee to-day, and informed the Committee that if they would allow him time he would produce a copy of the letter he wrote to Dr. Howe concerning Brown's movements, based upon the information he received from Colonel Forbes. He had sent to Natick for it. The Chairman informed him they were willing to give him his own time to prepare his testimony.

DINNER TO WILLIAM H. SEWARD.—A dinner was given to Mr. Seward at the National Hotel, last Saturday evening, and was participated in by ex-Governors Pennington, Corwin, Bingham, Crittenden and Anthony, and Senator Doolittle, and Representatives Colfax, Conklin and eight others.—*Cor. Herald.*

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK. SATURDAY, JANUARY 28, 1860.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed "*Editor of the Anti-Slavery Standard, No. 5 Beekman street, New York.*"

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "*Publisher of the Anti-Slavery Standard, No. 5 Beekman street, New York.*"

NOTICE.

A NUMBER of our subscribers who are receiving their bills about this time will observe that a fraction over the usual price of the paper is charged. It is proper to explain that this difference is made that the year for which they have subscribed may be brought in accordance with the year of the volume. For instance, a subscriber whose year expires April 2d is charged 24 cents additional, so that he may begin the year hereafter in May with No. I. of the new volume. The arrangement is both for his convenience and ours.

JOHN BROWN AVENGED.

IF John Brown had been of a revengeful spirit—which we all know he was not—his angry ghost would be in a fair way of being appeased. If he had had any ill-will to Virginia and the Slaveland generally, his grudge is likely to be fed fat, even after he has been done to death. He never dreamt of the perdurable ills he was about to visit upon the Ancient Dominion, or perhaps his heart would have failed him and he would have abandoned his crusade in behalf of the blacks, in view of the progeny of ills he was about, though all unwitting what he did, to bring upon the whites and their posterity.

We all mourned not long since over the calamity which the truant Sawbones were carrying home with them from Philadelphia. We sighed over the picture of a Southern State given up to a generation of home-made doctors. Ghosts multitudinous as any Ossian ever saw rose upon our startled sight, and we looked forward with dread to the comparative mortality which the revelations of the Census of 1870 will disclose. Our prophetic hearts told us that

> "The child shall rue that is unborn
> The stampede of that day."

But we had not foreseen the extent to which the fate of unborn generations was wrapped up in the portentous issues of Harper's Ferry. We knew that in spite of the best ignorance of doctors, a considerable percentage of children will see the light alive and live on in despite of all professional hands lifted against their lives. And of this coming generation we had hope that they might, by good luck and good training, miss of being as great fools as their fathers. But our hopes are at an end.

On the 19th of December last, Mr. Matthews, of Greenbrier, offered the following resolution, in the House of Delegates, which was adopted and will doubtless pass to become a law.

Resolved, That the Committee of Schools and Colleges inquire into the expediency of reporting a bill prohibiting School Commissioners throughout the Commonwealth from subscribing to any teacher, male or female, who hails from the north of Mason and Dixon's line, unless they shall have resided in the State of Virginia for at least ten successive years previous.

This, certainly, next to bringing back the good old days of Sir William Berkeley, when there were no free schools or printing at all, for which blessings that worthy predecessor of Governor Wise devoutly thanked God—"for learning," said he, "has brought disobedience, and heresy, and sects into the world, and printing has divulged them, and libels against the best government ; God keep us from both !"—next to having none, having none but such as are taught by teachers native and to the manner born, must be the best possible thing. If a "little learning" be indeed "a dangerous thing," in what peril must Virginia be when she has driven forth all Yankee schoolmasters who have not stood ten years' acclimation ! We shudder to think of the grammar and spelling that is in store for young Virginia !

Then, again, Mr. Magruder, of Albermarle, offered the following resolution, which is also on its way to the Statute Book.

Resolved, That the Committee of Finance inquire into the expediency of providing by law that no license shall be granted to any agent of an insurance company not chartered by this State, unless such company shall deposit with the Treasurer of the Commonwealth bonds of the United States or other satisfactory funds or security for the payment to policy holders of all losses that may be sustained by them.

The object of this provision is, of course, to discourage the lieges of the Ancient Dominion from insuring their houses and goods in Northern offices—the only ones that are good for anything. This is indeed burning down one's own house to spite one's neighbors. We knew that those patriotic confessors intended to wear home-spun to punish our misdeeds ; but we had no notion that they were ready to sit in ashes as well as sackcloth, for our sins ! But so it is. They are willing to run the risk of conflagration, so Northern offices miss of their premiums. To be sure, they will gain the loss of their losses as well ; which may perhaps balance the account, if there be any lesson to be read in the fire-raising about Charlestown, during the trials there. When Virginia shall have emancipated herself from all dependence on the North, and hath her loins girt about with her own home-spun and her feet shod with the preparation of her own hides, and her children growing up under the tutelage of home-grown pedagogues, and her body delivered over, before death, to doctors of medicine and her soul to doctors of Divinity of domestic manufacture, then the ghost of John Brown will stalk no longer unavenged about the scenes of his daring and his death.

PLYMOUTH CHURCH AGITATED.

THE Church to which Henry Ward Beecher ministers is generally supposed to be all on fire with anti-slavery sentiment and ready for almost any anti-slavery measure short of a dissolution of the Union. This, however, is a great mistake. Mr. Beecher, as we have often been constrained to say, was never thorough in his anti-slavery teachings, and he has never led the Church, as a body, into any anti-slavery measure whatever, though individuals have often, doubtless, been stimulated by his preaching to do genuine anti-slavery work. Plymouth Church, we believe, has never, during the whole period of its existence, helped the anti-slavery cause, or any of its representative associations, by a single contribution, though it has sometimes aided a slave to purchase his freedom, or given a lift to some educational movement for the benefit of free colored people. The American Board, notwithstanding its complicity with slavery as illustrated by the history of the last twenty-five years, has had its steady support ; and so had the American Tract Society up to a very recent period, if we are not misinformed. Any sham Democrat, who wishes to do so, can easily gain admission to its fold by assenting to its creed, and without being required to forego the privilege, *as a politician*, of laboring to extend and perpetuate slavery. A man of this stamp, a Cuban filibuster for the last ten years, was lately elected assistant Superintendent of the Sunday School, and "more of the same sort," we hear, were introduced to the Church—without repentance of their pro-slavery sins, or any wish or intention to turn from them —during the late revival.

At the last annual meeting of the Church, a movement was made to pass a vote discontinuing the annual contribution to the American Board. An agitation followed which has not yet subsided, the question having been already discussed at several meetings and being still on the tapis. On Monday evening last, Mr. Beecher made a speech, casting the whole weight of his influence on the side of the Board, whitewashing its iniquities and openly sanctioning its course on the subject of slavery. If the reports in the daily journals do not greatly misrepresent him, it was a speech altogether unsound in principle and full of a truckling and compromising spirit. Mr. Theodore Tilton was to reply to him on Wednesday evening—an hour too late for notice this week. Our readers shall know the result of the discussion in due time.

NATHANIEL H. WHITING, an Abolitionist of 1835, is a Senator from the County of Plymouth in the Legislature of Massachusetts. He is a member of the Committee on Federal Relations, which will have charge of the petitions for a Personal Liberty law. He is an able writer, an eloquent speaker, and a man of unbending integrity.

LEGISLATIVE BOUNTY ON KIDNAPPI

OUR readers are all familiar with the name venerable THOMAS GARRETT, of Wilmington, De and most of them know that in the course of his has aided more than 2,000 fugitive slaves in the from the Southern "house of bondage." Twice, lieve, he has been brought before magistrates a heavily fined for his humanity. On the last of these occasions, the Court, after pronouncing a sentence, the execution of which would make him utterly penniless, took occasion to admonish him, and to express the hope that, having learned wisdom from his afflictions, he would in future forbear to furnish fugacious chattels with means for escaping from their happy homes. The brave old Samaritan thereupon, in open Court, declared that his mind and conscience were at ease in view of all that he had done, and avowed his purpose to repeat the offence just as often as he should have opportunity. "If any of you here present," said he, "know of any poor slave that needs food and shelter and help to escape from bondage, send him to Thomas Garrett, who, if necessary, will share with him his last crust." And the old man has been as good as his word. Probably there has not been a single week for ten years past in which he has not helped some poor negro on his way from slavery to freedom ; and the fact that he has done so is well known to the people of Wilmington, and indeed of the whole State of Delaware and the Eastern Shore of Maryland. His name is a "household word" in every negro hut in that region, and slave mothers pronounce it with tearful reverence in their prayers. Soul-buyers and kidnappers, on the other hand, pour their curses on the old Quaker's head. Living in a slave State, where the laws against the negro are quite severe, he is still a prosperous merchant and a universally respected man. His trade with slaveholders is large, his credit in commercial circles and at the banks equal to that of any other man. Such is his reputation for and punctuality that his word, wherever he as good as his bond.

Having given this account of the man, attention of the reader to the following preamble and resolution, which were introduced into the Maryland House of Delegates, on the 17th inst., by Mr. Jacobs of Worcester County.

Whereas, at the 24th anniversary of the American Abolition [Anti-Slavery] Society, held in the City Assembly Rooms, in New York City, in May, 1857, a certain Francis Jackson, of Boston, Treasurer of the Society, reported that during the current year the receipts of the Society were $19,300, and of the auxiliary Societies of New York, Pennsylvania and Michigan $18,856, making a total of $38,162 from those sources ; and whereas said American Abolition [Anti-Slavery] Society also received for the same year, as appears from said report, the further sum of $158,750 from the Exeter Hall Emancipation Society, in the city of London, Great Britain, and both of said sums make an aggregate of $197.912 ; and whereas *The London Times*, a newspaper of high repute on all questions involving the policy of England towards this country, distinctly declares that this money was given as a bounty on slaves, *i. e.*, to decoy them from their owners, and induce them to run away ; and whereas a certain Hiram K. Wilson, of Worcester, in Massachusetts, did go into Canada, and take a census of all such runaway slaves during the winter of 1856, and reported their number at 35,000, since augmented to 45,000 ; and whereas a certain Thomas Garrett, of the city of Wilmington, in the State of Delaware, did attend the anniversary meeting as aforesaid in the city of New York, in May, 1857, and did there show by his books of record and entry where he had stolen 2,500 slaves and forwarded them North, per underground railroad ; and whereas said Garrett did attend a meeting of Abolitionists held at the Assembly Building, in the city of Philadelphia, on the 17th December, 1859, whereat he stated that by his books of entry and record he had stolen and conveyed North, by the underground railroad, the further number of 386 slaves —since his report in May, 1857—making a total of 2,886 slaves stolen by said Garrett ; and whereas the said sum of $196,912, bestowed upon said Garrett in May, 1857, and his large annual receipts per capita for every slave he can so steal, have made him rich in wealth and marked him as a wicked and base traitor to man and God ; and whereas most of the slaves so stolen by said Garrett belong to citizens of this State, whose rights of property the State is sacredly pledged to secure inviolate ;

Therefore, be it Resolved, by the General Assembly of Maryland, That the Treasurer pay, upon the order of the Comptroller, the sum of ——— to any person or persons who may secure said Thomas Garrett in some of the public jails in this State ; and that the Governor of this State, on information of such fact, is hereby requested to employ the best legal ability in the State to prosecute said Garrett to conviction and punishment.

The remarks of Mr. Jacobs, in introducing his res tion, are thus reported in the Baltimore *Patriot:*

"Mr. Jacobs then entered into a detailed explan of the resolution, of the manner in which slave stolen from Worcester and other counties in that vi He dwelt at some length upon pe s, their tric trade, and the insinuating way they have of ingrat themselves into the good will of negroes. He was cularly hard on Garrett, said that he was a traito should be hung.

"About having slaves run off, Mr. Jacobs had experienced loss from that cause. He now had a man in Canada, who often wrote home begging for money and to be brought back. The poor devil was nearly starven, but could not come back, although he wanted to do so. Mr. Jacobs verily believed he was run off by 'old Brown.' Garrett, who sent his minions—the pedlers—throughout the country, pocketed the money for running them off. Mr. Jacobs denounced Garrett as an arch-traitor, a villain and guilty of every horrid crime. There were men that he knew who could convict the scoundrel, and he wanted him caught."

The resolution was laid over under the rules. It has been proposed, we learn, to fill the blank with $2,000, or some higher sum. Whether the Legislature of Maryland will offer this incitement to kidnapping remains to be seen.

GRAPE-SHOT FROM THE ARMORY OF FREEDOM.

THE following resolutions, discussed and passed at the Conventions lately held in Buffalo, Auburn, Utica, &c., will show that the faithful agents of the American Anti-Slavery Society are skilful marksmen, that they use none but the best ammunition, and know how to penetrate every covert of the enemy.

Resolved, That the American slave system is the "sum of all villanies"—a compound of all cruelties and crimes ; robbery, adultery, piracy and murder, and whatever else is impure, unholy and accursed.

Resolved, That slaveholders, as such, have no rights which any human being is bound to respect—not even to life, liberty or the pursuit of happiness ; but while remaining in purpose and practice slaveholders, they should be regarded as criminals and outlaws against humanity, whom Gen. Lafayette, Capt. John Brown, or any other righteous deliverer who believes in forcible resistance to tyrants, may lawfully and justly compel to release their prey.

Resolved, That our governmental union with such slaveholders is also a sin and crime—an atheistic rebellion against every principle of justice, and every law of Nature and of God ; which no possible circumstances could have warranted in its formation, and surely no conceivable conditions justify in its longer continuance.

Resolved, That the first threat of disunion from the South should have been hailed with general joy by all the friends of the enslaved ; inasmuch as the only assurance for the continuance of slavery is in the support it derives from union and alliance with the North.

Resolved, That the so-called governments of the slave States are but organized bands of thieves and robbers ; living by plunder and piracy, on the avails of unpaid and unrequited toil ; and therefore,

Resolved, That it is the solemn and imperious duty of the Senators and Representatives of the non-slaveholding States and Territories to return at once to their respective constituencies and take immediate measures for the formation of a New Northern Republic, that shall be indeed *Free* ; an asylum for the oppressed of all nations ; uncursed by presence of slaveholders, unstained by blood of slaves.

Resolved, That the Church of the slaveholding States, that permits and practises the breeding, buying and selling of God's own image like cattle, trampling down marriage and the whole family relation, forbidding its own Bible and all other books to the enslaved, is most emphatically the synagogue of Satan ! And every Church and minister in the North that does not so regard and treat it is false to the Christian name and trust ; and therefore unworthy of countenance, fellowship or support.

Resolved, That, cheered and encouraged by the experiences of the last year, in our effort to procure the enactment of a Personal Liberty law, to protect our State from the presence and ravages of the slave-hunter and kidnapper, we will persevere in petitioning the Legislature, until an object at once so just and needful shall be accomplished.

Resolved, That when Thomas Jefferson declared that "Nothing is more certainly written in the book of fate than that the slaves are to be free ; nor is it less certain that the two forms of society cannot be perpetuated under the same government" ;

And Henry Clay, that "Until universal darkness shall prevail, it will be impossible to repress the sympathies and the efforts of Freemen in behalf of the unhappy portion of our race who are doomed to bondage ;

And *The Richmond Enquirer*, "That the two opposite and conflicting forms of society cannot, among civilized men, coëxist and endure. The one must give way and cease to resist—the other become universal" ;

And Wm. H. Seward, "That the collision between the two systems of labor in the United States, is an 'Irrepressible Conflict' between opposing and enduring forces" ;

They did but echo the voice and decree of the eternal God : that between Slavery and Liberty there can be and shall be no concord ; but everlasting separation, wide as the distance and difference between heaven and hell.

Resolved, That the Democratic party, in denying that doctrine, only asserts its own daring depravity and downright atheism—and the Republican party, whenever it shrinks from it, in a loyal homage rendered to slavery under the demands of the Constitution, and especially when it selects its most compromising and conservative men as candidates for office, on the ground of *availability*, and in deference to their slave-breeding and slave-driving allies at the South, proves itself also unequal to the great conflict of the age ; incapable of comprehending or contesting the struggle for freedom ; and consequently, like the Democratic party, utterly unworthy of support.

Resolved, That we rejoice in the discovery at last made by the South, that even their Northern Democratic allies, with all their Union-saving demonstrations and other professions, are becoming wearied with slavery, and disgusted with their degrading service of it ; and we beg to assure Senator Iverson, of Georgia, and others of the South who have spoken with him, that when he declared the Northern Democracy to be fundamentally wrong on the great principle of slavery, that, with the Black Republican party, "they denounce it as a great moral wrong and a social evil," that not a single Northern Senator recognizes the right of the Southern people to their property in slaves, he does but justice, in those declarations, to that growing abhorrence of slavery among the sober and reflecting of all classes and parties, which will, ere long, hurl it to destruction, at whatever cost to Constitution or Union.

Resolved, That we have read without surprise the Message of Governor Letcher, of Virginia, to the Legislature of that State, in which he insolently and insultingly recommends that "two most experienced statesmen be appointed to visit the Legislatures of those States which have passed laws to obstruct the execution of the Fugitive Slave law, and insist, in the name of Virginia, upon their unconditional repeal."

Resolved, That we trust our Legislature will deem such a threat, from such a source, a strong reason for hastening the enactment of a law that will preserve the State of New York effectually and forever, from the prowling ravages of the kidnapper and slave-hunter.

Whereas, by recent decisions of the Postmaster-General, Northern newspapers have in several instances been excluded from the mails and post-offices of the slave States, on the charge of publishing and circulating "*abolition sentiments*," dangerous to the security of slavery and the general safety ; therefore,

Resolved, That we congratulate the friends of the ed everywhere that in the New York *Herald* they ound a safe and zealous medium for the transmis roughout the South of the most powerful and elo tterances against the slave system of Garrison, l Phillips, Theodore Parker, Dr. Cheever and many other champions of liberty in both the hemispheres.

Resolved, That the thanks of American Abolitionists generally are due to James Gordon Bennett, Esq., for so earnestly espousing their cause in this hour of their trial and persecution by the government. How can we refrain from expressing our admiration at the almost superhuman skill with which he is able to freight his columns week after week with what are called the most "treasonable, murderous, incendiary, inflammatory and insurrectionary doctrines," and pour them all over the South, as unmolested as though they were sermons on the "Fall of Man" by our safest and soundest Doctors of Divinity, or the publications of the American Tract Society ?

Resolved, That whatever other public journal shall be proscribed, we trust the New York *Herald* will be allowed the most uninterrupted circulation possible throughout the slave States, carrying as it does all the arguments of Helper against slavery—all imaginary encouragement to the slaves to rebel against their tyrant masters, in the spirit of our own Revolution of 1776 ; and assuring them, at the same time (though in that assurance we are compelled to differ with this *most veracious journal*), that the North is filled with men like General Lafayette and Capt. John Brown, anxiously and impatiently waiting to come to their rescue.

AMERICAN MEANNESS IN ENGLAND.

WE must regard it as fortunate that the meanness of the Government of the United States in denying the citizenship of colored persons born within her own jurisdiction (even though their grandfathers may have shed their blood in the Revolution) has recently been exhibited in Great Britain under circumstances which cannot fail to attract the attention of the whole civilized world. "A Barrister," in sending the following correspondence to the London *Daily News*, says : "I beg to forward to you a correspondence which has recently taken place between Miss S. P. Remond, a free-born American lady of color, with whom I have the honor to be acquainted, and Mr. Dallas, the American Minister in this country. I add a copy of her passport. You will observe that a visé to Miss Remond's passport is refused by the American Minister, on the sole ground that she is a person of color."

6 GRENVILLE STREET, Brunswick square, W. C.,
December 12, 1859.

SIR : I beg to inform you that a short time since I went to the office of the American Embassy to have my passport viséd for France.

I should remark that my passport is an American one, granted to me in the United States, and signed by the ister in due form. It states what is the fact, that I a citizen of the United States. I was born in Massasetts.

Upon my asking to have my passport viséd at the erican Embassy, the person in the office refused to xed the visé, on the ground that I am a person of or.

Being a citizen of the United States, I respectfully mand as my right that my passport be viséd by the inister of my country.

As I am desirous of starting for the continent, I must request an answer at your earliest convenience. I remain, sir, your obedient servant, SARAH P. REMOND.

The Hon. —. Dallas, American Minister,
24 Portland place.

LEGATION OF THE UNITED STATES,
LONDON, December 14, 1859.

MISS SARAH P. REMOND : I am directed by the Minister to acknowledge the receipt of your note of the 12th instant, and to say in reply, he must, of course, be sorry if any of his countrywomen, irrespective of color or extraction, should think him frivolously disposed to withhold from them facilities in his power to grant for travelling on the continent of Europe ; but when the indispensable qualification for an American passport, that of the "United States citizenship," does not exist — when, indeed, it is manifestly an impossibility by law that it should exist—a just sense of his official obligations, under instructions received from his government as long ago as the 8th July, 1856, and since then strictly conformed to, constrains him to say that the demand of Miss Sarah P. Remond cannot be complied with.

Respectfully, your obedient servant, BENJ. MORAN,
Assistant Secretary of Legation.

SIR : I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of yesterday's date.

The purport of your communication is most extraordinary. You now lay down the rule that persons free-born in the United States, and who have been subjected all their lives to the taxation and other burdens imposed upon American citizens, are to be deprived of their rights as such, merely because their complexions happen to be dark, and that they are to be refused the aid of the Ministers of their country, whose salaries they contribute to pay. I remain, sir, your obedient servant,
SARAH P. REMOND.

PASSPORT.—I, the undersigned Secretary of State of the United States of America, hereby request all whom it may concern, to permit safely and freely to pass Sarah P. Remond, a citizen of the United States, and, in case of need, to give her all lawful aid and protection.

Given under my hand and the impression of my seal of the Department of State, of the city of Washington, the 10th day of September, A. D., 1858, in the 83d year of the Independence of these United States.

Department of State. LEWIS CASS.

This illustration of the American idea of Democratic Liberty and Equality must excite a profound disgust in Europe, and swell the tide of anti-slavery sentiment to which the ocean offers no barrier.

A NARROW ESCAPE.—A fugitive slave arrived in this city from a Southern port, not many days ago, and contrived to get ashore without being discovered by the captain of the vessel in which he made his passage. He was very weak from confinement and want of food, and knew not where to go. He was found in the street by a policeman, who, erroneously supposing him to be drunk, took him to the station-house, where he imprudently confessed that he was a fugitive from slavery. Officer Terhune, incited by the hope of pecuniary gain, or by a patriotic desire to cement our glorious Union, took the poor negro before Justice Brennan, who held him while he (Terhune) hurried away to Capt. Rynders, to inform that faithful servant of the slaveholders that there was work for him as U. S. Marshal. Meanwhile, says *The Tribune*, Mr. C. S. Spencer and Mr. S. L. Macomber appeared as counsel for the negro, and, learning that he was held for drunkenness, offered to pay the fine, $10, to effect his release. The magistrate sent for the poor wretch. He came in, looking dreadfully downcast, as though he was going to the gallows. The usual questions as to his name, age and residence were put. When it came to the latter question, a cue from counsel caused him to brighten up in an instant, and, with renewed life, "New Hampshire," said he. "You may go," said the Judge, with a laugh, and in a few seconds the negro was again at liberty. Ten minutes later the policeman arrived, and handed a note to the Justice from Capt. Rynders, requesting him to hold the fugacious chattel till a master could be found for him. This was a very narrow escape indeed, but we believe the fugitive is safe.

In consequence of this occurrence, a Republican member of the Board of Police Commissioners introduced in that body a resolution to forbid policemen from engaging in the business of slave-catching. It was voted down, however, so that the police provided for this city by a Republican Legislature is liable henceforth to be employed as an agency for the arrest of fugitive slaves. One of the Republican Commissioners (Mr. Stranahan) was absent, and another (Mr. Bailey) refused to vote upon the question. Shame on him !

SLAVES GIVING A BANQUET.

A CORRESPONDENT of *The Herald*, writing from Greensboro, N. C., Jan. 4, and speaking of the arrest and imprisonment of the Rev. Daniel Worth as an "incendiary," says :

"After Worth was convicted, the slaves of this place gave a grand banquet in honor of the event, to which the Court and Bar and many of our prominent citizens were invited. It was truly a magnificent affair, and the table would have done credit to a Fifth avenue palace. To show you the feeling of the negroes, a slave belonging to Colonel E. P. Jones, a large tobacco manufacturer of this place, remarked that he could read his Bible as well as Worth, and he prayed to the Lord to let all Abolitionists be hung, because if it were not for them the master would not be half as strict with the slave ; and that he loved the Lord the best and his master next, and hated an Abolitionist worst and the devil next."

If "the feeling of the negroes" toward the Abolitionists is such as this incident would *seem* to imply, why was the Rev. Mr. Worth arrested and imprisoned ? And why are the slaveholders so careful to prevent their slaves from meeting by themselves for consideration ? And why are they unwilling that Northern people should have free communication with them ? The only answers that can be honestly given to these questions are fatal to the argument which the above incident is intended to suggest. The whole system of Southern legislation in respect to slaves proclaims the conviction of the masters that they are *not* contented with their condition—that, on the contrary, they long for freedom, and would be likely to seek it by violence if the laws were not such as to make them despair of success. The "slave belonging to Col. E. P. Jones" is a shrewd fellow, no doubt. Having succeeded, by the zeal with which he entered into the arrangements for the banquet, in securing the confidence of his master, he will be ready to take his departure for the North on the U. G. R. R. at the first opportunity.

THE NEW YORK CONVENTIONS.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., Jan. 23, 1860.

To the Editor of The National Anti Slavery Standard.

Our Convention at Utica, which was in progress at the date of my last to you, was, throughout, most successful and satisfactory. We had the largest, most intelligent and appreciative audiences we have ever had in that city. Messrs. PILLSBURY and ROBINSON and Miss ANTHONY spoke earnestly and eloquently, and were, as Friends say, highly "favored" in their efforts. The Rev. BERIAH GREEN was in attendance during a portion of the Convention, and, on Tuesday afternoon, gave one of the most eloquent and masterly addresses to which it has ever been my good fortune to listen.

The Utica Morning Herald published our resolutions, and also very good reports of our proceedings, prepared by Mr. BROWN, an editor of that journal. We are much indebted for most hospitable entertainment in the families of Messrs. Parker and DeLong, and Mr. and Mrs. Ezra Thompson.

Ex-Gov. Seymour resides in Utica. He is distinguished latterly as a skilful Union-saver. I fear that his influence is not as potent as the "impending crisis" demands. It is only three or four weeks since that the Union was put in great peril by one of its supposed best friends. In some unaccountable way, a fugitive from "service or labor," from one of our Southern States, appeared in Utica and called upon a U. S. Marshal (Deputy, I believe) for assistance in journeying northward. We could reasonably have expected him to be as true to his Southern brethren as your Metropolitan Police, but, alas! his *human*, rather than his *official*, impulses prevailed, and he actually sent the guilty, ungrateful "chattel" to a well-known agent of the U. G. R. R., to proceed forthwith to Canada !

You will have noticed that the proceedings of our Utica Convention were a theme for comment in the House of Representatives at Washington last week.

On Thursday and Friday last, we held a Convention in Syracuse. You are, I believe, to have an account of this Convention from the pen of another correspondent. Suffice it to say that here, as at Utica, our audiences were much larger, and a much more hearty interest prevailed, than at our last Conventions in these cities three years ago. Rev. SAMUEL J. MAY presided in a very happy and efficient manner. It was the testimony of our friends that so stirring a radical anti-slavery meeting had not been held in Syracuse in many years.

But I must close this hurried note of our meetings. I will give you a word of our experiences here, and at Hudson, next week. Yours, very truly, A. M. P.

P. S. I hope many of your readers, in different parts of the State, are making preparations to be at the annual meeting at Albany, which commences on Tuesday afternoon, Jan. 31. A. M. P.

Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 23, 1860.

THERE was quite a scene—a disturbance—at one of our boarding-houses one morning during the past week. The keeper got very angry with one of his slaves, a young man of twenty, and took his revenge by selling the offender and his two younger brothers to a negro-buyer, who has shipped them to the far South. The two younger brothers were each sent upon an errand to different parts of the city, where they were quietly handcuffed and sent off. The eldest was openly handcuffed in the bar-room where he served, and it was this scene which stirred up the indignation of some persons present, who had never before witnessed any of the cruelties of slavery. Two Irish women, servants in the house, were wrought up to a pitch of indignation and wrath that would not hear restraint, and they poured out their condemnations of the peculiar institution in a style which would have greatly pained their countryman, Charles O'Conor, if he had been present. I allude to this little incident simply to illustrate the type of slavery which exists in the District of Columbia. To people who only look at the surface, who remain but a few months in Washington, negro slavery here seems to be a very mild kind of domestic servitude. The reason why it has this outside appearance is because there is so strong an element of "free society" among us. This causes the slaveholders to hide the more devilish developments of the institution from the common view. Punishments are secret, to a great extent, and no one hears of a negro sale. The deed is done in the dark, and the people know nothing of it, and call slavery here "a *mild* institution." Yet scarce a day passes which does not witness dreadful, heart-rending cases of the sale of a human being from all his associates and family relations to the far South, never to see them again.

Your readers will remember the case of a Dr. Boyd, who had his trial here last week for "negro-stealing." He was arrested in Maryland, driving a pedler's wagon with a negro concealed in a box, and he was on his way to Pennsylvania with all despatch. On his trial his counsel asked the Court for instructions that if the evidence showed that the prisoner was intending to free the slave or slaves in his possession, he must be acquitted of the charge of negro-stealing and found guilty only of abduction. As this doctrine had been laid down by a former Court, Judge Crawford gave the prayed-for instructions to the jury in very explicit language. Now, the evidence was plain as the nose upon a man's face that Boyd was taking the negro into Pennsylvania, for he was within thirty miles of the border, and was making all possible haste northward. There was no possible chance for an honest man to believe anything else, yet the jury found the prisoner guilty of negro-stealing, contrary to instructions and evidence. A new trial was asked for by Boyd's counsel, and will probably be granted.

The case of Moonel Mason, to which I alluded two or three months ago, has not yet ended. He lies in jail, a wretched old man, his fine unpaid, and he complains bitterly of the treatment he receives. The poor man's crime you well know—that of harboring his own son, and for this he seems condemned for life to a prison-cell.

I have nothing fresh to communicate to you respecting Congressional doings, and, as your space is too valuable to be wasted, I promise not to trouble you with many paragraphs more. The debates of the week indicate nothing new or important. The Southern Democrats have bound themselves together by a solemn agreement to resist the plurality rule by filibustering to the end of the Congress—simply to prevent Mr. Sherman's election to the Speaker's chair. This is, of course, incipient disunionism, and the Southern members like it as such. The Northern Democrats are not in such good spirits over the development, and fear political annihilation for their alliance with such men.

A most vigorous attempt has been made all the week to drive the Republicans to drop their candidate and take up another man, less objectionable to the slave-dealers, but so far it has been without effect. I believe that the Republicans were never more determined to adhere to their candidate than now, even if this Congress is never organized. This is the ground they should occupy, and let the entire responsibility rest upon Mr. Buchanan a his Southern supporters.

Mr. Seward comes back to Washington to find tha old friends from the South—some of them his so mates for the last ten years—are so roused and pa struck by John Brown's invasion of Virginia that almost to a man, refuse to recognize him. Of course New York Senator cares little for such a demonstr as this from such men, and in such a cause, but i specimen of the manners of the "Southern chivalry" Mr. Sumner has been able to live for several years w out the nod of one of these men-stealers, and I dare s Mr. Seward will find that he also can digest his din without their recognition. Every New York Congress who is a Republican should, however, resent this mise ble piece of petty malignity by utterly refusing to k any Southern member.

A

Our European Correspondence.

LETTERS FROM HARRIET MARTINEAU.—L

JANUARY 2, 1

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

SIR : The interest of the news from the Uni has never before, in my time, been so great as now awakening which your best friends have so long d seems to have really happened now ; and th method is not exactly what we could have wishe fact is a thing to be devoutly thankful for. I d ther there is on record a finer death than that Brown. Among an aspiring, youthful people nation, the tendency is, as in the youth of an in to indulgence in fervent talk, in metaphysics and ment, in high-flown feelings abundantly expresse not know that any greater blessing could happen under the circumstances, than the uprising and sacrifice of such a man as John Brown, to comm reverence and win the enthusiasm of society. T and tender old confessor and martyr, with pl manner and paucity of speech, with honest se and no egotism, with everything about him the re fantastical and sentimental, is precisely the mo saving saint your community could be blessed wi world will be anxious now to see how you expres homage—what you will DO, now that all must something must be done. You will, as a com take care of Brown's family. We see that y sider that as a matter of course. That is an private solace. Your public procedure, for the tion of your national soul, character and tion, we shall follow with the deepest interest. time, we can perceive that, amidst all your horror about Brown and his comrades, you are al than you have been for many a day. The thri ened conviction and resolution is evidently through society, and that is bliss, in comparison previous thraldom belonging to acquiescence i The Abolitionists, who have kept their liberty, happy to see others entering into it We hope lieve that better times are before you than you hav seen, and a truer life than, as a community, yo yet led.

Nothing worse can have been said on your water than something that has been published b *Times* newspaper of the 28th of December had a on your present affairs which might have been wr a South Carolina politician. You have no dou and if you had not, I would not spend time on w hear every day from slaveholders. I refer to merely to say that in that article the writer spe himself alone. I doubt whether any other E (unless it be some old West India planter) wo mors or less in the statements and feelings of the We are surprised that anything so grossly pro could appear in this country, where public sent long outgrown such barbarism. You would pr that *The Daily News* protested, the next day, ag doctrine and facts of *The Times* article, and repudi on the part of the people of England.

Where our people are deficient in this matter is conviction, nor yet in feeling, when once fai rested ; but perhaps we yield too readily to the we and disgust with which the upholding of slave i tions inspires us. It is blindness, too, not seen to we, as a nation, are interested in your rescue fro fatal curse. Not only are we interested in the welfa free institutions, and the virtue and happiness of who live under them, in any part of the earth but slavery directly injures us, in a most sensible m The territorial cupidity, the quarrelsomeness, and official tone and character which are natural conseq of the institution of slavery, occasion great injury insult to your allies, and especially to ourselves.

Has Mr. Grattan's book, on Civilized America, read among you ? I have not read it ; but I have the exposure it contains of the transactions at Wash ton about the Boundary question, which are an illu tion of what I refer to. We had before heard the sto the suppressed map, and the opinions of some of worthier citizens on Mr. Webster's conduct in the ca but we were scarcely able to credit it till the facts detailed as they are by Mr. Grattan. I need not exp the effect of such a disclosure on public sentiment tow your government. And now, again, in the San J business, we see the effects of slavery, and the prepo nance of its influence in such a man as General Har being able to imperil the alliance of our two na Since I wrote you last, one of your best friends country, Mr. W. E. Foster, has exposed the chara Gen. Harney, in a letter to *The Leeds Mercury*—h ments being derived from THE ANTI-SLAVERY STAN of November 3, 1855. I need not tell you what there is there of this Harney (Major Harney as he then) ; nor need I tell you what we think of being and assaulted as a nation by a fellow who ought to been punished as a murderer, instead of promoted post of authority, and to a high rank in the army. observe that he was duly unpopular in his post, and nobody undertakes to defend him ; but that has to do with the policy of putting such a man into any able and responsible position. While such thi done, we are utterly unable to repose any trust good faith and good will of your government, and things will continue to be done as long as the of slaveholders keeps its foot on the neck of the of your people. The truth is, we sigh for the you will have a government with which we can genuine friendly intercourse, such as ought to e tween two free nations. At present, there is change of occasional flattering speeches, such as friends never think of uttering ; with occasional coveries of such sly tricks as Mr. Webster's with the and yet more frequent bickerings, arising when the lngton Cabinet is perplexed by home politics, and pa away when the domestic difficulty is got over. regular thing with us to expect some foul imputa some unreasonable rage, when the Presidential is impending, or the South urges some new demand effect on the mutual respect of the two nations and the Washington game is so well underst Europe that the sympathy is all on one side. T indispensable for the repute of free government the preservation (or reconquest) of the respect and ship of foreign nations, that your government throw off the yoke of the slaveholders, and enter on a new and honest course of foreign policy. are not mistaken in believing that with slavery of territorial extension would die out ; the braggart bullying manners of sectional officials would and there would be no further need or tempt insult and quarrel with the nearest ally, to stir insults and quarrels at home. Thus our interest abolition of American slavery is sufficiently appa those who desire any such plea to account for ings of sympathy with such of your countrymen worthy of their theory of government. It is suffi apparent to render it a public offence in *The Times* paper to pretend that, as a people, the English have sympathy with your slaveholders.

The interests of freedom are in as doubtful a s ever on the continent, though remarkable change taken place since I last wrote. The new French phlet, on "the Pope and the Congress" has convulse Catholic world. I suppose your Catholic citizens this time beginning an agitation about it. I need you that it proposes to support the spiritual sovere only of the Pope, giving him Rome and a handsome bute from his spiritual subjects for his worldly p sions, and releasing the Romagna from his sway. doubts about the authorship of the pamphlet ; but French government refuses to reply to any inquiry abroad respecting it, as it is a domestic produ Count Walewski chafes at it ; but his conduct shows he knows it to be his master's, or to be issued by master's desire—obviously to win England to the gress, though not only the Pope, but all the Cath powers, and even Russia, are profoundly scandalized

Since the annual exposition of pictures at the Palace of Industry, and that of the works of the late Ary Scheffer, I do not know of anything in art of much interest. I am told there was a very appreciative article on Scheffer, and his works in a late number of *The Atlantic Monthly*, but I have not been able to find it here, and therefore have not had the pleasure of reading it. His earlier works, though better in color, were comparatively feeble, and not remarkable, perhaps, for much respect; but his later pictures were very ably and beautifully and in the highest degree sentiment, and are admirable for their exquisite feeling, as we had an opportunity to see in New York. We saw in the collection here an unfinished picture, partly in chalk outline, which showed either great indecision as to the design or laborious and repeated effort in drawing. Some of them will not be seen as favorably as when they were exhibited separately; and the color generally, except where it seemed to accord with the subject—as to the Dead Christ—was disagreeably cold and rather dead. The loss to French art, and to the world, of two eminent painters like Scheffer and Delaroche is as great as the loss to science of the great English engineers, Stephenson and Brunel.

At the manufactory of the Gobelins, in addition to the reproduction of numerous likenesses of the Emperor and of the Empress, for the town-halls of the provinces, from Winterhalter's portraits, they are engaged in copying portraits, which have been painted expressly to be reproduced in tapestry, of some of the great architects, painters, sculptors, &c., of France, who deceased long ago, to fill the vacant panels in the Gallery of Apollo, at the Louvre. I was informed by an American artist that a picture of the Constitution, by Emmet, had been exhibited in New York as an original Winterhalter. As the picture was painted for the private gallery of the Emperor, and is only permitted to be carried to the engraver's, the presumption is that it was copied by some expert hand, not at that or some other time. We were struck with the fact that those pictures seen in New York were not so highly finished, and were more flashy than those we saw by this painter in the exhibition here.

An American artist has in hand a picture which might be called an impromptu "Fête Champêtre," representing an accidental occurrence among the Zouaves, at the camp at St. Mary, last summer. It is a group of American ladies, gentlemen and children, with Zouaves, and a view of life camp through a vista in the wood of Vincennes.

There is at the studio of one of the most eminent of the French painters a "*grand*" unfinished picture (28 or 30 feet long) of the Baptism of the Prince Imperial. In the foreground of the picture is the Empress, with her maids of honor, one of whom is holding the infant, and the Archbishop, who has his hand raised as if to "sign him with the sign of the Cross." At the right of the picture, behind the Empress, is Napoleon, with ladies of the Court, and attended by a retinue of soldiers and civilians, and in one of the aisles—for it is Notre Dame which is represented—is a long procession of mitred priests. Above, descending from Heaven upon a cloud, or hovering over the scene, with outstretched arms, as if beslowing his spirit upon the child, is the dove, and around his brow, a *halo* around his head, *a sword at his side*, and an eagle under his feet, is a full length figure—of Napoleon I.! Well, I think that, even to profane American eyes, that appears a strange spirit to descend upon a child in baptism, nearly of the removal of the ugly-looking custom-houses at the gates, and also of the wall which runs between two streets, a series of gas on the inside and a wide one on the outside. Already the new custom-houses are erected; but instead of immense piles of stone, like the old ones, they are modest, one-story structures, more like a porter's lodge. There has been an appropriation of twelve millions of francs for the commencement of these improvements of the exterior Boulevards.

The "octroi" duties have been revised, and, I believe, somewhat reduced. Speaking of duties, I find it stated, upon the authority of M. Forcade, in the *Revue des deux Mondes*, that an idea has lately been attributed to our (French) government, which, if accomplished, would powerfully contribute to restore a settled confidence between France and England. "We allude," says he, "to the modifications shortly to be introduced into our customs tariff, and which would have the effect of freeing from duty the primary articles employed by our manufactures, and to reduce the duties on produce necessary to the food of the people. Such measures would not only be useful to our trade, and to the people, but would be the inauguration of a real policy of peace, of which the tendency would be manifest abroad." Whatever they may do, I hope they will give England real *British* free trade, and nothing else; not what they preach, but what they practice. With England it is never a fair reciprocity, but means like the white man who hunted with the Indian, and who, upon the division of the game, told the Indian, "I will take the turkey, and you may have the owl; or you may take the owl, and I will have the turkey!" "Ah!" said the Indian, "you never talk turkey once to me." Look at their duties on cheap French wines, and on cordials and liquors. On cordials and liquors, the gallon, *Al* 10s. and 4*d*.; ditto on eau de cologne, and, if in flasks, the duty in addition, for the de protection of the wine-growers, is an additional duty of 25 per cent.; wine in casks, all except Cape wine, the gallon, 5*s.* and 6*d.*, more than twice the cost here of Bordeaux or "vin ordinaire"; hats or bonnets, 8*s.*; dresses, *Al* 10*s.*; velvet, the lb., 9*s.* The list of articles free of duty is so short that they may all be counted on the fingers, including coins and medals, diamonds and precious stones, not set; pictures and sculpture, of one's own performance, *being a British subject, not intended for sale, and unsold views*. Not much chance for competition here! so much for English free trade. Nothing is permitted free except food, and raw materials for their manufactures, and yet, from *The Times* down, they are all the time preaching free trade; and from the sympathy expressed for France, one would think they were almost willing to supply her gratuitously, and as a matter of charity, if their goods were only admitted free of duty.

There was a greater degree of cold here for a few days than has been experienced for about seven years. The Seine was frozen over opposite the Tuileries on the nights of the 19th and 20th, and the basins of the fountains were sliding-places for the people. Filtered water for drinking, which is carted about the city and sold at two sous the pailful of three or four gallons, rose to ten sous the measure. It is to be hoped that ice will be cheaper the next summer than it was the last, as it was then sold for ten sous the pound. The ponds in the Bois de Boulogne were covered with skaters; and I am told that a tall, lithe, young American artist showed them, what Cuyahoga was to Benjamin West, how the Londoners on the Serpentine, when a young man, where a year ago —what skating is! The sun on one of those cold days presented a singular appearance, resembling, in appearance, an artificial sun made of Dutch gilt, on a lighty gray blanket. The mercury fell only twenty degrees below freezing of Fahrenheit—not much for a Yankee in the dry air at home. Then came a thaw, and everything which had been under the influence of the external air was taken as a matter of course. But when the pipes were wet, and the painted walls and ceilings were dripping with smoky water, condensed vapor, of the color of liquorice-water, what, I believe, painters would call a beautiful color for a glass to tone a garish picture.

One is struck with the amount of smoking among the people here. Gentlemen smoke in the carriage when driving with the ladies of their families on the boulevards or the Champs Elysees. When one has not time to finish a pipe or a cigar, he makes (of tissue paper, which is sold in little books) a very hooked and pretty cigarette, for few sous, and some cut tobacco, which he carries in a pouch; a cigarette. This operation requires considerable dexterity. Smoking is common on the top or imperial, but not in the omnibus. At some of the cafés there is a notice that smoking is not permitted till afternoon. At the most respectable restaurants gentlemen light their cigars as they rise from table, and smoke as they pass through the saloon where ladies are sitting. The manufacture of tobacco is a government monopoly, and they encourage its use—which is certainly a very disgusting, expectorating, Dr. Spring form of that vice. I have never known a person here to chew, unless he was an American. Chewing-tobacco is hardly to be found at the shops, and they say they leave that filthy habit to sailors, who are not permitted to smoke. By the way, it is some to me it was not in good taste, to say the least, to Dr. Spring of the temperance and temperance and contempt of the committee of the Tract Society in the city, and in the city members and the public. It may also prove a bad precedent. Suppose the Rev. Dr. B., who is esteemed a "bon vivant," and with whom Madeira is "as established," if not "a patriarchal, institution," should produce his decanter of "Old Southside" at a Society meeting, and invite those who agree with him to "use no longer water, but a little wine for their stomach's sake." Is a display of the tract on temperance! What would venerable papa Tract Society say to his oldest child?

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE PUBLIC LIFE OF CAPT. JOHN BROWN, by JAMES REDPATH, with an Autobiography of his Childhood and Youth. Pp. 408. Boston: THAYER AND ELDRIDGE. New York: Sold by S. T. MASON, 143 Fulton street.

The appearance of this volume in so short a time after the tragic closing of the life it records affords a striking example of the rapidity, if not the haste, with which books are manufactured in this country. In a little more than six weeks from the day that John Brown was executed, the facts of his life were collected from a great variety of sources, and the narrative written, stereotyped and bound, ready for delivery to thousands of eager purchasers. It would be strange indeed if work so rapidly performed did not bear distinct marks of haste; but we can pardon defects of style and arrangement in a book prepared under such circumstances, if assured that its statements of fact are worthy of credit. On this point, we presume, there is every ground for confidence that could be reasonably demanded. Mr. Redpath says in his preface, "It is compiled from hundreds of sources—newspapers, books, correspondence, and conversations. Much of it is from a record of my personal knowledge. Materials came to me from all quarters."

The volume is divided into four Books, in the first of which we have an account of John Brown's ancestry, an autobiography of his childhood and youth in the form of a letter to a little boy who had given all his pocket money to aid the old hero in his "Kansas work"), and a brief notice of his life from the time of his first marriage to the beginning of the struggle in Kansas, in which he took so prominent a part. The letter in which the old man records his own recollections of his boyhood is as charming for its simplicity and truthfulness as anything in the autobiography of Benjamin Franklin, and no one can read it without seeing in it a revelation of those noble qualities which have made the name of the author immortal. We would print it at once, *as the best means of promoting the circulation of the volume*, but the publishers have warned us that its reproduction in any shape could be regarded and treated as an infringement of their copyright.

In Book II. we have an account of Capt. Brown's labors and exploits in behalf of freedom in Kansas, and a vindication of his character from the aspersions of the pro-slavery press.

Book III. contains an account of Capt. Brown's successful inroads upon slavery in Missouri—of his subsequent plans for invading other slave States—of the organization of the Provisional Government in Canada, and of the assault at Harper's Ferry. In the IVth Book we have an account of the trial, imprisonment and execution of the old hero.

The work is dedicated to Wendell Phillips, Ralph Waldo Emerson and Henry D. Thoreau, "who, when the mob shouted 'madman!' said 'saint.'" An excellent likeness of the subject faces the title-page.

This volume is to be followed by another, containing a minuter record of Capt. Brown's private life and correspondence, for which the materials are said to be abundant.

THE NEW AMERICAN CYCLOPÆDIA. A Popular Dictionary of General Knowledge. Edited by GEORGE RIPLEY and CHARLES A. DANA. Vol. VIII. POOOR—SEVASTAY. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The work is now, we suppose, about half completed. The present volume embraces a great variety of subjects in the various departments of Science, History, Law, Biography, the Mechanic Arts, Medicine, Music, Geography, &c., which, so far as we have observed, are treated with the thoroughness and impartiality that have characterized the previous issues. Among the Scientific papers we may mention the following: Fumigation, Galeotomy, Galvani, Gas, Gas, Geography, Geometry, Gilding, Glass, Gun Cotton, Gunpowder, Gutta Percha.

Of the Historic Articles we note these: Galilee, Church, Game Laws, Gaming, Genoa, Germany, Gnostics, God save the King, God Friday, Gothic Language and Literature, Goths, Girondists, Great Britain, Greek Church, Guelphs and Ghibellines, Guerilla, Gullotine, Gypsies, Gypsy Language, Harford Convention, Harvard College, Harvey, Hastings.

Among the living celebrities whose lives are sketched in this volume we mention the following: Rev. Hiram Farnese, Joseph Gales, Esra Stiles Gannett, D. D., Gingenas Garibaldi, William Lloyd Garrison, Elizabeth C. Gaskell, Joshua R. Giddings, Henry Giles, George Gilfillin, W. E. Gladstone, Parke Godwin, B. G. Goodrich, John B. Gough, Hannah F. Gould, Horace Greeley, Adam de Gurowski, Rev. Wm. Hague, D.D., John P. Hale, Sarah J. Hale, Rev. Grosse Hallock, Gerard Hallock, Joel Hawes, D.D., Nathaniel Hawthorne.

Of deceased celebrities there is a long list, embracing the following among others: Robert Fulton, Frederic Garrsteon, David Garrick, Ebenezer Gay, D.D., Eldridge Gerry, Edward Gibbon, Stephen Girard, Mary Wolstonecraft Godwin, Oliver Goldsmith, Sylvester Graham, Henry Grattan, Horatio Greenough, Simon Greenleaf, F. W. P. Greenwood, D.D., Bishop Griswold, Madame Guyon, S. C. F. Hahnemann, Alexander Hamilton, John Hancock, Robert Hare, Warren Hastings.

"VANITY FAIR" is the name of a humorous and satirical paper that has just been started in this city, on the same plan as the London *Punch*. It has reached its fourth number, and we are glad to say that it is a very decided improvement on previous attempts in the same line. Our readers have not forgotten Lowell's hit (in his "Fable for the Critics") at a sorry abortion that made its appearance here a dozen years or so ago. He proposed it will be remembered, a new criminal code, under which "every door of wrong" should be shut out from the world with no other mental pabulum than that contained in certain "dogmatic tracts":

> "Petty thieves, kept from flagrant crimes by their fears,
> Shall peruse '*Yankee Doodle*' a blank term of years—
> That Autocrat, *Punch*, the English, no doubt,
> Just the sugar and lemons and spirit left out."

That would certainly be a very mild criminal code which should prescribe nothing harder to take than *Vanity Fair*. We wouldn't mind being shut up ourselves for a time in such a penitentiary. It is a very decided flavor of the ingredients for lack of which *Yankee Doodle* was pronounced a failure. We hope it may live. The conductors say:

> "*Vanity Fair* will be a humorous and satirical paper, a pleasant tonic to be taken once a week by the public—a comprehensive mirror, in which the follies of the day may be reflected, but not with malevolent intent. We too, have our black looks, as well as our white ones, and shall not hesitate to express our countenance when we are face to face with political tricksters, venal editors, public charlatans, silly authors, and all people whose stupidity necessitates their being shielded or criminals. All those various inhabitants of *Vanity Fair* will find that we have what the French call an iron hand in a velvet glove, and that occasionally we can deal a blow that will tell.
>
> "As a model, we can propose to ourselves none better than one of the knights of the old chivalric days. By a solemn vow he devoted himself to the cause of Truth and Virtue, and then, accompanied by a few brave companions, rode forth into the world to redress wrong. When found Virtue, pining spell-bound in the gloom of some dungeon, he went his gallant and gallantry burst her bonds. When he espied the giant Vice, feeding upon the tender population of the land, he couched his lance and laid him low in the dust. Wicked dwarfs and bad enchanters yielded to his potent sword; but, when he chanced to encounter the hero or heroine of some noble action, then, like a true knight, he shielded his weapon, doffed his gleaming helmet, and did reverence to Merit."

The principal illustration of the fourth number is a negro casting his dark shadow over the whole globe. It would be truer to life if the negro were in chains, but it is a very suggestive picture as it is.

Vanity Fair is published by Frank J. Thompson, 113 Nassau street.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for February contains the following articles:

Counting and Measuring.
My last Love.
A Shetland Shawl.
Roba di Roma—continued.
The Autocrat Gods—concluded.
The Poet's Harvest.
The Memorial of A. B., or Matilda Muffo.
Some account of a Visionary.
The Tyrant of Papuasgua.
The Marcons of Jamaica.
The Professor's Story.
Mexico.
Reviews and Literary Notices.

"The Truce of Piscataqua," a characteristic poem by Whittier, we shall publish next week. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, No. 817, opens with a review from *Fraser*, of Tulloch's "Leaders of the Reformation." It contains additional chapters of the new story (begun the week before) of "Hopes and Fears," a review of Trollope's "West Indies and the Spanish Main," Part X. of "The Luck of Ladysmede," and several other interesting papers, besides some fine poems. Boston: Littell, Son and Co.

THE DIAL: A Monthly Magazine for Literature, Philosophy, and Religion. M. D. CONWAY, Editor. January, 1860. No. I. Cincinnati: 76 West Third street.

The first number of Mr. Conway's magazine is even better than our anticipations. We have read it with great satisfaction, and hasten to commend the work to those who would give hospitality to the newest, freshest and most vital thoughts of the age. The contents of the number are as follows:

A Word to the Reader.
The Christianity of Christ.
Ye Gods!
The Sacred Dance.
Excelsior.
Minor Delphi Cœlum.
The Catholic Chapter.
The Two Servants.
The Law of Wealth Mercantile and Statistics.
My Sculptured Palace Walls.
Poetry.
Critical Notices.

"EXCELSIOR!" is a story in which recent events in this country are shown to have had remarkable parallels in ancient history. The reader will find it on the fourth page.

The editor, in his preface, "A Word to our Readers," describes very clearly the place which *The Dial* is intended to fill in periodical literature. We give a brief extract:

"The Dial which is alive can impart life. And the magazine which we propose to publish in this form cannot live but by the life it can supply. Such reciprocal vitality, we believe, must depend on the degree in which those who would give hospitality to the newest, freshest and most vital thoughts of the age. The contents of the number are as follows:

> "Excellence is not to be measured by numbers. Let the Dial be as small as it will, if it be but a true exponent of the best thought, utterance, love and knowledge. It is, in our minds, symbolized not so much by the sun-clock in the garden, as by the sun-dial on the hand. Many hands of the advancing day by the opening of some flowers and the closing of others; it would report the Day of God as manifested in the unfolding of higher life and character, and the closing up of old superstitions and evils; it would be a Dial measuring time by growth."

MR. CONWAY deserves the support of the friends of unstammelled thought everywhere, and we hope that many may be incited by this notice to subscribe for his magazine, the price of which is $2 per annum.

ANTI-TOBACCO JOURNAL.—We learn that the Rev. George Trask, of Fitchburg, Mass., has commenced the issue of a quarterly publication with this title. We have not seen it, but we know enough of Mr. Trask's sentiments to wish him success in this effort to abate the tobacco nuisance. The price is fifty cents a volume, or twenty-five cents a copy of this publication for one year. If they are not needed in your own family, distribute them among your neighbors.

CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN LYDIA MARIA CHILD AND GOV. WISE AND MRS. ALEXR. WILSON. Boston: Published for the Anti-Slavery Office.

This is a tract which every Abolitionist will be glad to see, and which ought to be widely circulated. It is for sale at this office for 5 cents a single copy, 50 cents a dozen, $3.50 per hundred.

WENDELL PHILLIPS, our readers will not forget, is to deliver his lecture on Toussaint L'Ouverture at the Cooper Institute on Tuesday evening next. Doors open at 7 o'clock—lecture to commence at 8. Admittance 25 cents.

AN EXHIBITION of the Children of the Colored Orphan Asylum will take place at the Cooper Institute on Friday, Feb. 10th inst., at 7-1-2 o'clock P. M. Exercises will be partly of an interesting character, consisting of recitations, lessons and singing. Tickets, 25 cents; children, half-price.

Summary.

FREE NEGROES IN MISSOURI.—*St. Louis, January 18.* Governor Stewart has refused to sign the bill lately passed by the Missouri Legislature for the exclusion of free negroes from the State.

CIRCULATION HELPER'S BOOK.—Jesse Wheeler, formerly Keeper of Guilford County, N. C., has been arrested for circulating sixty copies of Helper's Impending Crisis. Several persons have been arrested in Randolph County, N.C., on a similar charge.

Apprehensive of a large influx of free negroes expelled from Southern States, resolutions "for the protection of free white laborers" were introduced into the Legislature of Minnesota on the 9th inst., but voted down by the Republicans.

The Nashville (Tenn.) *Gazette* says that the bill introduced into the Legislature of that State, compelling all free negroes to leave the State, is declared to be unconstitutional, both by the opinion of eminent lawyers and of the people.

THE SLAVE TRADE.—The Florida *Key of the Gulf* announces that Lieutenant Maffit, United States Navy, was recently at Key West. Lieut. Maffit has in possession information that Captain Townsend, of the Echo, was about starting again for the coast of Africa for a cargo of slaves, and that he will sail from Boston soon.

COMMERCIAL PROSCRIPTIONS.—*The Charleston Mercury* denounces the merchants of that city who patronize Yankee peddlers, and says: Clark, Higley & Co. are New York, because, it says, the partners in that firm all attend the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher's church. If, moreover, threatens to publish the names of other persons.

THE JOHN BROWN FUND.—Mr. Hyatt desires us to say that he has deposited *twenty-two hundred dollars* in the name of Mrs. John Brown and family, and that less than fifty photographs now remain to be sold to complete the amount. The death of the artist who contributed the photographs, and other causes, have occasioned unexpected delays in their delivery.

HUSH.—We have been reliably informed that an accomplished young lady, a resident of Northern District, has been hauled by a Vigilance Committee and hung. We have not the particulars. From the summary penalty inflicted, the evidence must have been strong against her. We hope, however, that *Columbus South Carolinian*, 14th.

RESTORATION OF FUGITIVE SLAVES.—The Maryland Senate have passed resolutions requesting the Maryland representatives in Congress to take such steps as may secure the final action the government to negotiate a treaty with Great Britain for the restoration of slaves escaping from the State of Minnesota can citizens that may be found in her provinces.

TRIAL OF STEVENS AND HAMLETT.—The Legislature of Virginia having authorized a special term of the Circuit Court for the County of Jefferson, in which Harper's Ferry is situated, to be given that the term will be commenced on the 1st day of the next month, it is understood that Stevens, Hamlett, two of the Harper's Ferry conspirators, will then be tried.

THE BLESSING OF SLAVERY.—*The Atlanta Confederacy* says: "In regard to every one of the States, we have the unanimous voice of the South who does not boldly declare that he or she believes African slavery to be a social, moral and political blessing to the white population, and a religious duty, whether born at the South or North, is unsound, and should be rejected to leave the country."

Virginia is determined to put herself in a proper state of defence at once and every hazard. Before this reaches you, a bill will have passed both Houses of the Legislature, appropriating $500,000 for that purpose. It has already passed the House almost unanimously, there being only two votes against it; and to-day (Jan. 17) it was under consideration in the Senate, and will undoubtedly pass.—*Cor. Anti-Slavery Bugle.*

The prayer of the negro at Richmond, when the Episcopal missionary bishop arrived there recently with his wife, is one that will be remembered by every one who hears it. "O Lord, we bress dy name for bringin young misses back to de old home again safe and sound. We bress dy name, too, for givin' us Massa Bishop and his buckra wife; and take good care of 'em, O Lord! as thou hast made him a *sword-speaker* for thee, do thou, O Lord! be a *sword-starter* to him—for Jesus' sake. Amen."

ANOTHER DRED SCOTT CASE.—A somewhat interesting case, brought by one Virginia Hernandez, a resident of Hudson County, New Jersey, is noticed for trial in the Circuit Court of the Circuit Court of the said county, in which, among other points, the right to sue will be brought in question, under the rulings in the celebrated Dred Scott case.

The plaintiff is a free-looking half-and-half colored person, born and brought up in the family of Commodore Stockton, of Princeton, New Jersey. Her mother and father were slaves, who lived on the estate of Princeton, and the plaintiff in this suit seems to be the only surviving one of the family.

THE TOBACCO NUISANCE.—Rev. Dr. Hawes, of Hartford, Ct., has recently preached a strong sermon against the use of tobacco, which produces quite a sensation. He submitted facts and statistics showing its destruction of health and life, and its demoralizing influence, and its noticed expense. He costs the people of the United States over forty million dollars annually—far more than is spent for all purposes of education. A New York paper puts up $10,000 in cigars and $5,000 in bread. How a Christian could use it, sell it or cultivate it was a thing past understanding. He mentioned the case of a planter of the Connecticut would be blasted by it and become as barren as the old tobacco fields of Virginia and Maryland.

WHIPPING FREE NEGROES IN MISSOURI.—Gov. Alexander, John F. Williams, Charles Johnson and Vincent Harris were fined and committed to jail in St. Louis for being in the State without a license having brought before the Board of County Commissioners, and unable to establish any right to reside in the State, Commissioner Bent moved that the County Marshal be instructed to inflict ten lashes on each of said negroes, and that they be discharged from jail and ordered to quit the State unless detained for crime. Upon which motion a vote was taken and resulted: Ayes 3, nays 2. The President decided the motion lost.

Mr. William Howitt, in a note to the editor of the London *Star*, recommends all "who are desirous of listening to the very highest style of eloquence—eloquence embodying the greatest and noblest truths—to take the opportunity of hearing Rev. T. L. Harris, one of the greatest sacred orators that has ever appeared in this country." Mr. Howitt is engaged in attending to elevate and Christianize the age by his writings. Mr. Harris, he adds, is the medium of several volumes of poetry, *The Lyre of Golden Gate*, *The Lyre of the Morning Land*, &c., than which there has been nothing finer since the days of Milton. The same will be recognized by New Yorkers as that of a clergyman who created no very profound sensation during his ministration here.

A NEW PAPER.—It is possible to form an idea of what *Eagle* publishes the following letter:—

OCCOQUAN, VA. December 26, 1859.

DEAR SIR: You will please send me the Eagle, published at Fort Yelverton; the subscribers have burned it, and say they will continue to do the same if sent. Yours respectfully,

Editor Poughkeepsie *Eagle*. L. A. LYNN, P. M.

The Springfield *Republican* has received a similar token of Southern affection. The Albany *Evening Journal* says that one of the most estimable publishers in Virginia has been driven from that State because a copy of the *Evening Journal* was found in his possession. The Richmond *Enquirer* says that of all the newspapers and school teachers, they will slight the interest of Governor Wise, who once blessed them that there were no teachers in Accomac. The ancient English town of Berkeley, used to be the same opinion when he managed the colony.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE AND WEEKLY PROSCRIBED.—*The North Carolinian*, of Fayetteville, N. C., says:

"The circulation of Harper's publications is as numerous as ever, after it is ascertained that G. W. Curtis, one of the editors, is so infamous Abolitionist, and that one of the Harpers has been guilty of publishing a book against Southern slavery. Should these papers be allowed to circulate so profusely as they do? We think that his distinguished fellow Saunders put a stop to the sale of these papers in Raleigh. We would like to know why they are not stopped here. Are we to see these papers, and ask for them in their offices, and be insulted to their faces with the proper officers to see immediately that these papers are put a stop to. We would also appeal to the readers of these papers, and ask them in their subscriptions with their professions of loyalty to their homes, and opposition to the invasion of the North? An ignoble, vote speaks louder than words."

STILL THEY COME.—Since the affair at Harper's Ferry, the Legislature of Maryland has been in good working order, and doing an immense business. We have had a specimen of sauntering as to Canada a fine specimen of the "human beast," who had the honor to be tried by Judge Parker, of Charleston, S. C. He soon found employment in Grimsby, C. W., and died there in November. The next was a tall, raw and horse-foot that he was not fit for anything, and offered his services. In a letter he has sent us, he says the very hammering he received at the hands of Judge Parker.

This week, George Weil ($1 600 more of the same species of property), formerly of Norfolk, Va., but now of Canada, arrived in this city, and was taken in charge by the officers of a vessel, and on arriving at New York had a narrow escape from being taken back to Maryland. We have already had a visit from this fellow, and this week he is again mentioned by *The Evening Post*, in another column. While sitting in our office, writing for the press, he came in to see us, and to tell us something that he had happened to call in, and, bearing his story, immediately left the office, and we saw him no more. Hence we are compelled to say that the poor fugitive was *grateful* for the gift, and that he went on his way *rejoicing*.—*Frederick Douglass's Paper*, 20th.

THE PAST AND PRESENT OF THE WEST INDIES AND SOUTH AFRICA.—Mr. J. Aspinall Turner, M. P., has addressed a letter to the editors of the Cotton Supply Association, Manchester, on the subject of the cultivation of cotton in the West Indies, which he has just received from Dr. Livingstone. The supply of cotton is excellent; but the most surprising example as to the quality of the fibre is that of a specimen of the wild cotton of which is one foot of cotton, or one penny. The other samples of cotton are from Natal and Port Natal. This cotton was grown in the valley of the Shire, a river which flows into the long by twenty broad. The natives spin and weave it for their own use, but it has never been sent to market. As to the cotton in this valley that a vast number of cotton trees are annually cut down to the ground. The navigation of the Zambesi and the Shire is open to the sea during the greater portion of the year. It is evident, therefore, that a supply of cotton may be readily obtained from the interior of Africa, by the adoption of an effective agency. Dr. Livingstone deserves the utmost support, both of the government and of the people, in his efforts to open up to the world the rich and productive resources of the regions he has now opened to commerce and civilization. The correspondence referred to are in view at the offices of the Cotton Supply Association, Manchester.—*Manchester Guardian.*

INCENDIARY DOCUMENTS IN VIRGINIA.—In our last paper we noticed the arrest of Daniel and Parsons, and we now notice the arrest of John H. Gargas and Thomas Crox, in Bethel County, Virginia, charged with circulating incendiary documents.—Helper's book particularly. They had a small bull in large sums to answer at Court. We learn from the last mentioned that Mr. Gargas was referred to are on view at the offices of the Cotton Supply Association, Manchester.—*Manchester Guardian.*

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Miscellaneous Department.

From the London Once A Week.

THE THREE MAIDENS.

There we three maidens met on the highway;
The sun was down, the night was late;
And two sang loud with the birds of May,
"O the nightingale is merry with its mate."

Said they to the youngest, "Why walk you there so still?
The land is dark, the night is late."
"O, but the heart in my side is ill,
And the nightingale will languish for its mate."

Said they to the youngest, "Of lovers there is store,
The moon mounts up, the night is late";
"O, I shall look on no man more,
And the nightingale is dumb without its mate."

Said they to the youngest, "Uncross your arms and sing;
The moon mounts high, the night is late";
"O, my dear lover can hear no thing,
And the nightingale sings only to its mate.

"They slew him in revenge, and his true-love was his lure;
The moon is pale, the night is late;
His grave is shallow on the moor;
O, the nightingale is dying for its mate.

"His blood is on his breast, and the moss-roots at his hair;
The moon is chill, the night is late;
But I will lie beside him there;
O, the nightingale is dying for its mate.

"Farewell, all happy friends, and my parents' kiss for me;
The morn is near, the night is late;
He bids me come, and quiet be—
O, the nightingale is dying for its mate!"

George Meredith.

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

MADGE VERTNER.

BY MATTIE GRIFFITH

CHAP. XXV.

Madge was very thoughtful as she rode home. Her father had rarely seen her so quiet and silent. He could not rouse her. Even when they sped along, in a swift gallop, he missed her wonted exhilaration of spirits. The various efforts which he made to rally her failed of their object.

"What had Helen to tell you, dear?" he inquired, as resting from a mile's swift gallop, with loosened rein they walked their horses slowly through a quiet part of the road.

"She is going to be married, papa, very soon."

"To Mr. Norton, I suppose?"

"Of course."

"When?"

"In a few weeks."

"I hope she may be happy, and yet I question it. If my judgment is not wrong, Mr. Norton is not the man to make a suitable husband for a pure and delicate-minded Southern girl."

"Why, papa, he is one of the most agreeable gentlemen I ever knew; highly cultivated, of gentle and kind manners, and, Helen says, full of affection."

"This outward seeming is very fair, but I distrust it. Let us know him better first. The villagers have none too much respect for him."

"Oh, they would suspect him because he does not believe in slavery. I love to hear him talk. He has made Helen an Abolitionist."

"Pity he couldn't make something better out of such good material!"

"*Papa!*"

"Well, darling, we shall see what her slaves will make of *him!*"

"I can tell you what *he* and Helen mean to make of them."

"What?"

"*Human beings;* free men and women."

Col. Vertner broke out in a prolonged burst of laughter, the wild peals and echoes of which floated off and back from the ridges of leafless forest trees and died mockingly in the distance.

"Helen told me so to-day."

"Did she, dear child? Well, I dare say she thinks so, simple girl that she is; but she will learn, so will my little Madge, that a man don't lightly throw away forty thousand dollars."

"Who said anything about a man's throwing away forty thousand dollars?"

"Well, forty-five or fifty negroes certainly represent that much money, particularly in the present high and prosperous state of the slave market."

"Papa, you make me sick with such shallow and disgusting talk. Why, you are not any better than that negro-trader whom I saw in the town jail. You are every bit as vulgar in your ideas."

Upon my word, you are complimentary. But, I want very much to know, Madge, where you learned this sort of reasoning."

"Human reason, you mean. Well, papa, I am a human being, not a pig, and so I claim to have reason, sentiment, notion, if you will, which I believe distinguishes men and women from brutes."

"You make a strong statement, my dear," he smilingly answered.

"Is it not true?"

"As a generalization, certainly it is; but I see how you mean to apply it and then I take issue against you; however, we will not discuss these ugly matters now. Let us have a pleasant ride home and a pleasant talk."

"I'd rather speak of this. It is a subject that lies nearest my heart."

"I wish it troubled you less."

"Papa," she answered, without observing his remark, "suppose that pretty seamstress, at whose door I once found you, and whose fine face comes over my thoughts often now, was a slave, would she not bring a high, a very high price in the market? Doesn't the slave buyer pay a premium in such cases for beauty, mind and character? Can you tell me in what our morality is better than that wretched code of Turkey, or Circassia?"

Madge had not looked toward her father while saying this, or she would have been startled by the exceedingly painful and harrowing expression as well as the ghastly paleness that overspread his face. Col. Vertner was a strong man, a bold and brave one, full of vigorous passions, and not wont to give up to fright or agitation; yet Madge, in her unsuspecting innocence, had touched upon a sensitive chord of his heart, which now went moaning and wailing through all the secret places of his nature, even as the Æolian harp vibrates when swept by the fingers of the straying wind. Col. Vertner was not a bad man, nor yet a good one; had he been brought up under the finest and best social influences, it is quite likely he would have been a remarkable character, for there were flashes of feeling, touches of sentiment and nature which gave indication of the susceptibility of his disposition and mind; but, growing up beneath the fostering influence of a society which recognized a wholesale wrong and encouraged and supported the worst of evils, how could a pliant and yielding nature become other than ruined for life? The very diamond owes much of its beauty and brilliancy to the skill and taste of the cutter. So also society is the lapidary which fashions and shapes character according to the prevailing mode, sometimes so skilfully carving a gem that each little cone and facet are made to sparkle and refract; or again so clumsily hewing and rounding as to obscure half the jewel's glory.

Without observing her father, Madge continued:

"And that poor guide at the Mammoth Cave, what a terrible injustice it was to retain such a person in slavery. Why, papa, he was almost a scholar. Mr. Butler said he was one of the best practical geologists he ever knew, and that he himself learned a great deal from him."

"Yes, dear, Stephen was one of those exceptional characters we sometimes meet. But such geniuses are rare as [illegible]. Occasionally we find a remarkable intellect [illegible] from the gloom and ignorance of the negro [illegible]g all the brighter for the darkness by which [illegible]nded. We, however, estimate a race in the aggregate, not by chance and rare specimens."

"But, papa, may we not argue a great deal from one or two specimens? A whole gold mine is sometimes discovered by chance particles found in the dust."

Thus they whiled away their half-hour's slow ride homeward, in pleasant and quiet conversation.

Soon after reaching "the place," Madge, who seldom found her mother an agreeable companion, returned to her own room. She was more thoughtful and silent than usual. But not liking and scarcely understanding the mood, she needs must—like all active persons—occupy herself with some sort of manual work; and taking down her rifle and pistols, she began cleaning them nicely, all the while humming a low air to herself, and gradually growing more and more cheerful.

"Come in," she called out, in answer to a low knock at the door.

"Well, Daniel, what is it?" she inquired, almost without looking at him.

"Please, miss"—he stood fumbling at the door knob, with his eyes cast down—"please, miss, I'll clean them for you."

"No, thank you; can do it best myself; I am really in want of something to do."

"You'll git your nice hands all siled with that 'ar."

"Why, Dan, you know I always clean my guns myself. What makes you so polite?"

"Nothin', miss; I only wanted to do dat 'ar fur you."

He lingered a moment, eyeing his young mistress wistfully; then, with apparent reluctance, withdrew.

At first, Madge did not heed this, but after awhile it occurred to her mind that Daniel's manner was strange.

"What," she said to herself, "if he had something particular to say to me? He had a strange expression of countenance. I'll send for him."

As she was about to ring the bell, Daniel opened her door.

"Oh, you have come—by instinct," she added, in a lower tone; then, speaking louder, "Well, Daniel, this is prosy work. You may clean that gun," pointing to one.

"Thankee, Miss Madge; I thought may be you might git tired, so I come back to see."

Crouching down upon the floor, he began to rub away quite industriously at the plated mounting of the gun, but his interest in his work soon began to flag, notwithstanding his young mistress plied him with questions about the affairs of "the place"—even ventured to joke him about his courtship with Ruth, and asked when the wedding was to come off.

"Laws, Miss Madge, I don't know as it will ever be. 'Pears to me I kinder think a slave had best never marry."

"And why?" she asked, looking him steadily in the face. The negro halted, stammered, then, gathering up all his courage, said, with a quick and rapid breath, "Slavery is mighty hard to bar, young miss, by your own self, but worse when you has a family."

Madge walked up and down the room two or three times, evidently in great agitation; then, going close to the negro, said, in a quick, *staccato* tone, "Dan, why don't you run off?"

"Oh, Miss Madge, Miss Madge, if I dars to tell you, dat is what has bin a-runnin' in my head for a long time, ever sense I overhearn you a talkin' longer miss 'bout Milly and Jack, and said you didn't blame 'em. *If I should be caught*, thar's the bother. Then, I've no money, an' they tells me you had better not start widout some change in yer pocket."

Madge was silent a moment or so; she stood with her finger pressed upon her half-parted lips, her eyes wide open, as if searching through space for a solution to the questions which an anxious heart and an excited brain were proposing.

Daniel, who did not fully understand his young mistress, feared that he had gone too far and began to repent his precipitate confidence.

"If I has said anything wrong, Miss Madge, I hope you'll excuse it."

"Hush, hush," she whispered, as she waved her hand toward him, but did not turn her head or move her fixed eye.

A moment or two of bitter suspense went over the slave's soul. Madge turned toward him, took out her purse, and counted ten dollars in small coin, saying,

"There, Daniel, there is all the money I have; take it; and if it buys you a safe passage to freedom, I shall think it worth more than hundreds to my heart. Take that pistol also; load it well; and here, hide this little sword in your bosom. Defend yourself bravely against those who attack or seek to recapture you. Now start for Canada when you please. Follow the North Star, and my blessing go with you. Don't say anything more to me about the matter, for I am now plotting against my father. Your secret is safe with me."

"*Oh, Miss Madge!!*"

"Hush, no thanks; I have done all I can for you. Go now and say no more to me about it. I do not even wish to know when you intend to start."

Waving her hand to him, she turned away, walked to the window and looked out.

He obeyed her, and left the room without saying another word. When he had, however, closed the door and was no longer in the presence of his mistress, his deliverer and his friend, his courage failed him; he broke down; his heart poured out blessings and tears. He paused a moment upon the threshold; then, slowly, noiselessly opening it, he crept up to Madge, knelt down and fervently kissed her foot, then stole away without word or sob. But Madge, who was fully conscious of his gratitude, felt a dampness upon her thin satin slipper and knew that the slave had wept his thanks.

"Dear papa," she murmured, "I wonder if I really do *him* a wrong? God knows how I love him; yet there is a little voice deep down in my heart which pleads so strongly for the slaves. I *can't feel* that I do wrong in thus conniving at and aiding them in their escape."

She was not wont to grieve or ponder long. She only thought in action, never planned or arranged beforehand; and now that she had acted, the matter was put entirely from her mind, and she set to work with a lighter and a happier heart. A good deed performed in behalf of another is the best medicine for sadness or low spirits.

A great impetus was given to poor Daniel's life; and he moved about that day as though his body had been set on springs. His mistress, who was wont to complain of him, even unbent her quiet dignity sufficiently to praise him. Ah! little did she know whither his thoughts were travelling, or what proud, sweet hope was now animating and blessing him. Could she have looked upon him late that night, when, making up a small bundle, and stealing softly out of the cabin, he stood for one moment in the still starlight, and gazed around him, for the last time, at "the old Kentucky home," where, after all, he had passed some pleasant hours, and, with his hand on his heart, and his breath stilled, he fled away from it forever, to seek "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness"—on British soil. If she could have looked at him then, we say, she would have found him there a *man;* hitherto she had only known him as a chattel.

We will state here—for we shall not again see him—that Daniel reached the Canadian shore in safety, and, as we learn, lived long and happily, without one regret for this ill-advised leap.

Daniel's departure created a very slight surprise at the place. Col. Vertner swore one of his "*neat*" (?) little oaths. Mrs. Vertner expressed a desire that all the negroes might follow; for, she declared, "they were nothing but a ceaseless trouble and a dead expense upon her husband's hands"; whereupon, Madge suggested that if such was her mother's belief and wish, she thought deeds of manumission had better be drawn up at once. This, of course, was called impertinence. The slaves gossiped about it; and many a timid one shook his head, saying,

"Oh, Daniel will be sorry for dis afore long; dem hounds is sure to git him."

Madge sought her father at the first convenient moment, and extracted from him a promise not to advertise Daniel.

"Papa, may I trust you?" she asked, with earnestness, as she stood beside his chair in the library, where they had but a short while ago had such a fierce and exciting interview. But though once so egregiously deceived, she was too young and confiding not to quickly renew her faith in one whom she loved.

"What ardently we wish we long believe,"

is particularly true of the young.

Preparations for Helen Mason's wedding were now in active progress. Madge spent most of her time in town, and at Mrs. Mason's house. She and Helen were constantly with milliners, dressmakers, &c. Madge grew tired enough of satin and lace.

"Oh, Helen," she warmly exclaimed, "getting married costs you a great deal of useless trouble. I can't see any possible use in all this preparation and spending such frightful sums of money. It is just one of those nonsensical fashions which quite puts me out. Why are you obliged to have a trousseau? I'd just as lief be married in my old riding-habit as that lace and satin dress you have there. It's too absurd."

"Miss Vertner will not think so when she comes to be married," interposed the sapient dressmaker.

"Yes, I will, if ever I am married."

"Ah, Madgey," exclaimed Helen, smiling, "don't you recollect one certain evening, at the Mammoth Cave, how a certain independent and careless young lady suddenly became very fastidious about her dress? After making quite a superb toilet, this same indifferent young lady complained that her sleeve was awry, or that the set of the waist was imperfect, quarrelled with a stiff and unyielding whalebone, made war upon a set of graceful ringlets, declaring them to be limpsey, and"—

"Fie, Helen, you are crazy; do hush; don't worry me so. I know what and who you mean." And Madge hid her blushing face upon her friend's shoulder.

Though Helen looked so entirely recovered from her recent attack—though she moved about with such a buoyant and elastic step—though her eye was so lustrous and her cheek and lip so rosy and full, the physician, who still called, looked at her with a questioning, doubtful eye: he was very precise to count over and over again her pulse, and warned her, in the strongest terms, to be very cautious about much exertion; not to sit or stand where there were any particles of floating dust; to watch and guard the temperature of her chamber; sleep with a high pillow, &c., &c. All this Madge anxiously heard and understood.

One day she followed the Doctor out of the room down to the front door; large tear drops hung on her eye-lashes, when she inquired, with a nervous voice,

"Doctor, is she very ill?"

"Not ill, Madge, but"—he looked round to assure himself that no one was within hearing—"but she is failing very fast; one lung is entirely gone and but a shred of the other remains. Her life can only be held by the greatest care. Do caution her against over-exertion."

Madge's heart trembled as though a great and unexpected blow had fallen upon her. She went into the little breakfast-room, sat down upon the sofa and wept bitterly.

"So much trouble seems crowding upon my life," she murmured; "what *will* come next? Am I the gay and happy Madge Vertner of six months ago? I can scarcely believe it. How quiet and tame I am. Silk and Rover seem to feel that *I* have changed; and so I have. Experience is a harsh teacher; she is making me old and unhappy; my life of wild woods frolic was happier. I'll return to it—give up social friends—go back to sports; Silk and Rover shall be glad again."

She dried her tears before Helen found her; and when they again sat together playing with their work, laughing and chatting amid gauze, lace and satin, no one could have guessed that, an hour before Madge had been weeping violently. The troubles of petted youth are but April showers, and the sunshine of a genial humor paints a rainbow on the canvas of each retreating cloud!

THE FUTURE.

God's ways seem dark, but, soon or late,
They touch the shining hills of day;
The evil cannot brook delay,
The good can well afford to wait.
Give ermined knaves their hour of crime;
Ye have the future grand and great,
The safe appeal of Truth to Time!

—J. G. Whittier.

There are in Egypt 300 miles of railroad. When the running of trains was commenced mummies were used for fuel, and are said to make a very hot fire. The supply is inexhaustible, and they are used by the cord. What a destiny! Think of devoting one's existence to providing fuel for a locomotive.

EXCALIBUR.*

A STORY FOR ANGLO-AMERICAN BOYS.

CHAPTER I.

"Paradise is under a canopy of swords."—Mahomet.

It was Christmas-eve at Kenmore. The last of its gleaming fruit had been stripped from the Wonderful Tree which blossoms but once a year; the last wax-candle was flashing up with flickering light upon the arch bending over it, on which, shaped in moss, were the words,

LO, I AM WITH YOU ALWAYS.

The little palates had feasted on sugar-plums, and the little eyes on toys, to satiety; the yawn was becoming frequent, though the evening was scarcely begun. At this moment, when the children were, like the ancient monarch, ready to give the largest reward to one who could invent a new pleasure, the genial face of Uncle Paul came like a sun-burst through the door. In an instant he was fastened on by three young parasites clamorous for "a story." There is no more lineal descendant of the daughter of the horse-leech than your story-loving youngsters of nine, eleven and fourteen; of which ages we speak with confidence, because they are the respective ages of little Edith, Arthur and Alfred Edgarton, who now bound Uncle Paul a victim on their altar.

Uncle Paul—What shall I tell you a story about?

Arthur (eagerly)—Tell us about kings and queens.

Alfred (hesitatingly)—Yes, do; and about Christian in Pilgrim's Progress.

Edith (drowsily)—Uncle Paul, *do* tell us about Cinderilla.

Our avuncular Gulliver gave a glance of despair at the pinions with which the Lilliputians had bound him, looked up at the parents, who, with a heartlessness quite common to parents, smiled on his immolation with a complacency which forbade hope in that quarter, then made a desperate effort at escape by asking to see the Christmas gifts. The boys straightway charged upon him with trumpets, fifes, drums, guns and swords, as if he had been a Malakoff over which their banners must float; but little Edith who had the *coigne d'advantage*, being in his lap, foreclosed all other views by thrusting up two immense wax dolls, which he saw eye to eye and nose to nose. But Arthur almost at the cost of a quarrel with the monopolist, would have his sword looked at; and, indeed, Uncle Paul seemed to think it worthy his determination, for he looked at it long and carefully. Arthur looked on in proud and the others in jealous silence, as the old man looked over the bit of painted wood from hilt to point again and again. He said, presently, "There was once another Arthur who had a very famous sword: how would you like to hear a story about that?" An eager assent from the children meeting this proposition, Uncle Paul began:

"The sword of which I am going to tell a story belonged to an ancient king who lived more than 1300 years ago, and whose name was Arthur. The name of the sword was Excalibur."

The Three—What does Excalibur mean?

Uncle Paul—It is not quite certain; for in the old books it is spelt in different ways, sometimes Escalibore, then Scalibur, Calibur and Esclabure. It is likely that it means a sword of *Calibre*.

The boys were too proud to manifest any ignorance of this last word, which was uttered with an air of simplicity, but Edith, with whose sex curiosity overrules pride, gave signs at once of not being at all satisfied. So, in answer to her question, Uncle Paul said, "*Calibre* means the sort or kind; Excalibur, as the name of a sword, would mean a sword of excellent quality. The sword of King Arthur was a sword that never struck but for justice and honor. It was said that its blow never failed of its aim: perhaps that means that no blow struck for honor and justice ever fails.

This King Arthur was a noble and virtuous prince in the midst of a barbarous age and land. He was justly called *flos regum*—the "flower of kings." In that early age, when there were scarcely any laws, and very little chance of trying people for crimes in courts, the protection of innocent people, the defence of women and children, depended upon the swords of men brave enough to stand or fall for the right against the wrong, and hold their shields between the oppressor and the oppressed. This was not a good state of society, but in the end it made some strong men—men worthy to be called, as they afterwards were, Saxon, or men of rock.† The laws and court-houses take a good deal of the bravest and truest work off of our shoulders, and the strength that it begets out of our hearts. King Arthur, in order that this should be well done throughout his kingdom, called about him the bravest and truest knights; they lived with him in his palace; and they were called The Knights of the Round Table. They still show in England a large, round, black table, about which, they say, sat these knights. They each and all took a solemn oath that every drop of blood in their hearts should be ready to fall in the defence of the weak against the strong! And many were the glorious deeds they did, many the stirring adventures with which they met. Perhaps, some day, I shall tell you more of them. I must now tell you about the sword. The story runs that it was not wrought by human hands. A nymph down under the sea spent nine years in making it; and when she had made it silver-bright, and made it of edge invisible for fineness, she searched all through the sea for rarest pearls and gems to ornament its hilt. It partook of the strength of the strong sea, and the freedom of the winds and waves was in its temper. Then the nymph kept it to herself until a man should arise on the earth brave and true and strong enough to wield that sword.

When King Uther died, it was believed that he had no son to sit on his throne, and so a great many knights came forward presenting their claims on the throne. Now, it was really the case that Uther's wife, Igerna, had borne him a son before they were married, and, because of the shame, the child, whose name was Arthur, was given to the wife of a nobleman named Antour to bring up as her own; and the king died without disclosing that he had a son living, whilst his wife Igerna knew not where the child had been taken, or whether it was alive or dead. Great then was the strife and discussion as to who should be king. So high did the strife run that, on Christmas-eve, the good bishop came amongst them, and said that, as no decision was likely to be reached by human means, it would be well for them all to put up their prayers that Providence might send down some sign which should point out the one who should be their king. The holy father's advice was adopted—they all began to pray; and, strange to say, when they went out from the service, they found at the church door a miraculous stone; and in this stone was fixed, as in a vice, a gleaming sword, on the hilt of which were engraved the following words:

"I am called Excalibur,
To a King a fair treasure;
In the hand of my true King—
Carve iron, steel, or anything."

It was at once agreed that this was the token from Heaven for which they had been praying, and decreed that whoever should be able to draw the sword out of the stone should be proclaimed king at once. Many were the hands which labored to draw it out; but the sword resisted the efforts of each one who had been contending for the throne. So there remained at the church door the stone holding its sword.

Now the young Arthur had grown and prospered under the care of Sir Antour. He was a child of great nobility, fair, courteous and strong, but had been kept in perfect ignorance of his high birth. Arthur being of a noble presence and ability, was taken as squire by his foster-father's son, who was named Sir Kay. This knight, on one occasion, being in a battle, broke his sword, and was forced to send young Arthur to his mother for a new one. Arthur hastened home, but did not find the lady; he had, however, observed near the church a sword sticking in a stone, and, on his return, galloped to the place, drew it out with ease, and, perfectly unconscious of having performed a mighty feat, delivered it to his master. Sir Kay, who knew the sword and its value at once, made Arthur swear to be secret as to what he had done, and then showing the weapon to his father, declared that he would claim the throne as if he had drawn out the sword. Sir Antour insisted that his son should repeat the feat; and Kay, who supposed he could draw it out easily again, readily replaced the sword in the stone—but, lo! it stuck there as immovably as ever. Poor Kay was very much ashamed, and had to confess to his father that he had received the sword from his squire, Arthur. Sir Antour informed Arthur that his drawing out the sword made him King of England! He also told the Bishop what Arthur had done, and the ghostly Father summoned an assembly before which the feat was several times repeated. So an early day was proclaimed for the coronation of Arthur as king.

But the knights and princes were jealous of the young king, and resolved to make resistance; so on the day of the festival they tried with their retainers to seize Arthur's person. Then they found that the trusty Excalibur was not only able to make a king, but to defend one; for the rebels were utterly routed. And of all the knights who remained true Arthur formed his famous Round Table. From this time he reigned over a happy kingdom, and his good Excalibur was not idle: it never helped the cause of wrong or oppression, and it never failed to win the day. But I cannot tell you all the fair deeds of this righteous king, who, with the blessing of God, lived a long time to plant the seeds of Christianity and civilization in Britain.

It came to pass that in one of his engagements Arthur was fatally wounded. He looked around when he knew he must die, to see if there was one of his knights worthy to wield his faithful Excalibur when he was gone. He feared that some baser hand should one day soil its pure temper in striving for low ambition or dishonorable purpose; for he had, alas, found out by experience that many of his knights who had seemed fair to him were corrupt. So he resolved that Excalibur should be cast into the sea where it was wrought. He requested Sir Bedivere, who was supporting him, to give him a seat; which being done, he gave him his sword and adjured him to throw it into the sea. Sir Bedivere took the sword, but on his way, tempted by its beauty and the jewels set in it, concealed it under a tree. On his return, the king asked him what he observed when he threw it in. Bedivere replied, "Nothing but the waters deep and the waves wan." "Thou art untrue to me," said the king, with flashing eye; "thou hast not fulfilled thy trust as a knight should do." Then Bedivere ran in haste and took the sword; but when he had reached the sea-shore, again overcome by temptation, he threw only the scabbard into the sea, and concealed the sword. On his return, the king again asked him what he had observed. "Nothing," replied Sir Bedivere, "but the splashing of the water on the reeds." Then Arthur arose, and with wrath cried, "Unknightly traitor! how canst thou deal thus wrong fully by thy dying king!" Then Bedivere rushed to the sea-side and hurled through the air the sword, which sped like a lightning streak. And, lo! as he did so, a fair, shining hand and arm clothed in white emerged from the waves and caught Excalibur, and bore it down into the deep. When Bedivere returned to the king, he found there two women of angelic guise who bore Arthur away and placed him in a barge, and together they floated away over the sea; and long was it prophesied in Britain that when the land was worthy of such a king, Arthur should again float over the sea to its shore.

—As Uncle Paul closed this marvellous story, Alfred insisted on his continuing, but little Edith was asleep, and he bore her up stairs to bed; when he came down, he peeped over Arthur's shoulder, and saw him holding a pen over his sword, on which could be already read EXC—

CHAPTER II.

"Let the lost sword be for God."—Ancient Proverb.

The next evening Uncle Paul was under an engagement, made just eleven months and twenty-nine days before, to play Santa Claus for the children. If folks only knew it, greater love hath no man for children than that he enact Saint Nicholas for them. How little do the delighted, fluttering little hearts know of the heated, melting form of Uncle Paul under his great buffalo robes, or of the Pauline nostrils smothered and scratched under an impenetrable vizor with great woollen whiskers! In his [illegible] our victim bore his martyrdom pretty well for awhile; but at last the white feather was visible over his mask; for he stooped down and whispered to his nephews and his niece, who at once paused in their mad career, whilst the little neighbors who had been invited grew instantly apprehensive of an impending catastrophe. What was it that the faint-hearted Santa Claus whispered? Why these words: *Wouldn't you like to hear something more about that sword?*

Emotions were for awhile in conflict; pros and cons beat violently against each other; but Santa Claus decided the question by vanishing through a key-hole and sending down presently, in his stead, Uncle Paul. The children were doubtful of him; they thought they had certainly seen the end of that sword when it disappeared under the waves, and they put the proposition to him in that form. Uncle Paul informed them that there were more things in heaven and earth than were dreamt of in their philosophy; and having now a large audience gathered about him, he proceeded as follows:

Have you not seen in your Atlas, on the map of Europe, a great red country in the South-East, called Austria? Well, this country, with the hard names for its towns and rivers, has been, and perhaps is now, the worst on the face of the earth. I suppose the country itself was good enough, and the people had hearts, but they were under the rule, from 1200 years ago down, of the most wicked of families, called the House of Hapsburgh. Each descendant of this house seemed only trying to outstrip the evil which his predecessor had done. It was like that great Dragon of which you read in the story-books, which polluted the air with its breath and which demanded that a virgin should be given it every day for breakfast. The virgin in this case was a nation; the other great powers —Russia, England and France—through fear, agreed to give it a young nation a day, and in this way Austria devoured Bavaria, Poland, Hungary, Silesia and Italy. The measure of its iniquity seemed full when Maria Theresa, by her blandishments and promises, gained the confidence of the Hungarians, only to fasten the evils of the Hapsburgh Dragon more fully about them.

Alfred—Where was St. George then?

Uncle Paul—Well asked! St. George came to fight the Dragon—only this time he was named Frederick the Great. His mission on earth was to punish the crimes of Austria; and after the most tremendous series of battles ever known, lasting about forty years, he humbled the House of Hapsburgh, which, in the person of Maria Theresa, knelt at his feet and sued for peace. Austria, the old Dragon, lives yet, but its fangs have been all drawn out, and it gets weaker and weaker.

Arthur—But about Excalibur?

Ah, yes, I'm coming to that. When it was known that Frederick, the Prussian monarch, had resolved to set himself front to front against Austria, the day before he marched into Bohemia at the head of a hundred thousand men to take Prague, a Bavarian peasant came to his door and earnestly desired to see the monarch. The courtiers and porters refused to admit so plainly dressed a boor, who had also a formidable, rusty old sword in his hand; but the man took his seat in the door and would not leave. Frederick, hearing some altercation, came to the door and found the peasant suffering indignities from his servants; sternly reproving the latter, he asked the peasant what he wished. The man held out his sword, and said, "Sire, I am a poor man, and make a scanty living by fishing. One day, as we were drawing in our nets, we found therein this old sword, which, though it be rusty, has some rich jewels in its hilt. And when I heard that a Savior had risen up to shield us from our oppressor, I travelled day and night to lay it at his feet." The king took the sword and proffered a reward to the peasant, but he would not receive it. He took the sword into his palace and examined it closely. On it he could only make out the letters EXCAL— What that meant, I leave you to guess. The king had the sword brightened up and made new, and placed it at his side. With him also it never failed! With it he conquered an immense kingdom; and though there are many things that may be said against Frederick the Great, it can never be denied that he built up the best and happiest kingdom which the world has ever seen. He had a noble idea of royalty: it was he that said, "A king is only the first of subjects"; that is, he should feel himself as much under a Higher Law as his subjects are under his Law. When Peace came, he gave the corn which had been provided for the next campaign to feed the destitute; he abolished burdensome taxes on the people; he lived as plainly as a peasant, stripped his palace of rich ornaments, and even wore threadbare garments, that the agriculture and industry of his nation might be advanced, and that there should be work and bread for all! He encouraged literature, and was an able writer himself; he allowed religious freedom throughout his dominions: a man could think what he pleased, and speak or print what he pleased, even though he spoke or wrote against the king himself. No need that such a king should ever fear his people's liberty!

What was done with Excalibur? Why, I will tell you. Frederick, having now established the nations on a basis of freer nationality, having conquered a European peace looked over the Ocean and saw some brave colonies fighting against their oppressor, as the nations which he had relieved had fought against Austria. He watched with interest, and then in various ways helped George Washington and his army to carry forward to a successful issue the American Revolution. And when our Revolution was over, and Washington, with the blessings of a free and happy people crowning his head with a coronet brighter than king ever knew, retired to Mount Vernon, Frederick the Great sent across the Atlantic his sword, and when it was placed in the hands of Washington it bore these words: *From the oldest general in the world to the greatest.* So Excalibur, the sword which in the hand of its true king could carve iron, steel and even despotism, was hung up in Washington's cabinet in Virginia.

CHAPTER III.

"That sword he [John Brown] held in his own hand during the whole of Monday"—Col. Washington's testimony.

It was just one year before the above story or stories were told that Uncle Paul again returned to Kenmore to spend the Christmas holidays—these last holidays. And scarcely were the greetings over, scarcely was the old man comfortably seated in his chair ere he began to ache for the children to ask him for another story! Now was this not strange in Uncle Paul? Were all his former evasions affectations, or was he getting garrulous, as old men sometimes will? However this might be, Uncle Paul was certainly fishing for a story-proposition, whilst the children looked askance at their parents, and steeled their tongues against asking for one.

N. B.—Mamma had said in the morning, "Children, remember, now, you are to let Uncle Paul have some peace, and must not climb over him and make him tell you a story as soon as he comes. Mind, now, the first that disobeys goes to bed!"

But, ah, what proud triumph lighted up each little eye when the old gentleman, having thrown out hints in vain, at length burst out plainly with, "Arthur, wouldn't you like to hear more about Excalibur?"

A yell, a rush, and Uncle Paul's arms were folded about the youngsters, though now they were large enough to be consigned to ottomans, etc., about his feet, rather than to his somewhat failing knees. The paternal Edgarton was conservative, and suspected that Uncle Paul's story this time would not be altogether what he could desire. Uncle Paul glanced at him with a malicious artlessness, which sheathed a cunning twinkle, and proceeded.

"Let's see, where did we leave Excalibur?"

Arthur and Alfred (in chorus)—Hung up at Mount Vernon.

Uncle Paul—Ah, yes; well, it didn't stay there! Wouldn't you say, boys, that a sword which was sent into this world to fight for the weak against the strong, for the right against the wrong, a sword which could only be worthily wielded by such men as King Arthur and Frederick the Great, and George Washington, a sword which had twice come forth from the bottom of the sea to strike for freedom—would you not think, boys, that such a sword was a dangerous one to have in a neighborhood where innocent men and women were held in chains, their children taken from their hearts and sold, and where there were no knights to stand for them?

Yes? Well, so it turned out in this case. Washington, the Father of his country, could look with pride on that trusty Excalibur, for he loved freedom, and whilst living, treated the Africans which he had inherited with kindness; when dying, he set them all free! He thought he was leaving a nation which would follow his example; but, instead of that, they found that slaves could work well and sell well, and they stole more of them from their own land, and gave to the masters the control of our whole country. Then Excalibur began to get uneasy, and went a little way up, where it could be near and watch the meaner swords made to fasten chains, not to "carve" them asunder. The old Austrian Dragon seemed to have reäppeared in American Slavery—

Arthur (interrupting)—Uncle Paul, is there no Saint George in America?

Uncle Paul—I'm not so sure that there *was* not, my boy. Let me tell you. There was an old man named John Brown, whose parents had brought him up amidst the free airs and the bountiful sunlight of nature, and taught him the simple faith of love to God and man. This old man studied the Holy Bible day and night, and resolved to live up to the best law of life that he could find in it. But one cannot read such great sayings as are in that Book with their eyes or lips; the very light of the sun is not clear enough to read it by; it takes a *life* to read it. So old John Brown lived what he knew: he fed the hungry, clothed the naked and ministered to the afflicted; and as he so lived by one rule, a light shone upon the next. One day he came to ponder deeply these two sentences in that Book:

"Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

"Remember those who are in bonds as bound with them."

Then he called together his household, and said: "My wife, my daughters and my sons, suppose that we were all this day held in bonds by a master who could tear us apart at any moment, who could make us the victims of his own or others' lust, or make us the servile instruments of his basest deeds: would we not strike for freedom, and would we not long for some helping hand to free us?" Then he read them the Laws which he had been weighing; and as in the darkest night a lantern's light is turned full upon the chasm that yawns at a traveller's feet, so did he turn their brightness upon the great crime against Humanity which cries to Heaven against this Nation. Then this old man and his sons left their guardian women to pray for them; and, taking their lives in their hands, they went forth, these modern Knights of the Round Table, to strike from human hands every fetter they could reach; and many a living and immortal heart did they rescue from the Dragon's coils! When the ear heard them, then it blessed them; and when the eye saw them, it gave witness to them; because they delivered the poor that cried and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him.

At last the old man went down into the same neighborhood where Excalibur had gone. A divine madness seized upon him; as it is written, "Oppression maketh a wise man mad"—but whether such madness be not the wisdom of God, which is foolishness with men, we are not all calm enough to judge now. Soon John Brown bore in his hand the never-failing sword Excalibur! In his hand it conquered a whole nation. Presently twenty-nine other nations came to help the one, and this old man and his sons were taken prisoners, but not till then; such is the power of the sword which strikes for Justice and Liberty.

On the second day of December, 1859, they hung that old man by the neck until he was dead—for loving his neighbor as himself, for stooping to heal the wounded Jew, for remembering those who are in bonds as bound with them. But as he died he was more victorious than he had ever dreamed of being; he melted a million hearts and poured them into the moulds of Freedom.

Excalibur still waits the hand of its next true King, who will be he that can conquer without it. It has made its wound, piercing beneath the scales of the Dragon; and that wound can never be healed. His fierce writhings and threatenings only tell us how the blow touched the seat of life.

Let us trust that it need never strike again! Let us pray that about it may grow up a people who know the power of the Sword of the Spirit, the Love which never faileth; and who may wield the weapon which is not carnal so truly that the strongholds of Evil shall fall, and the kingdom of Purity and Peace be established.

* From *The Dial*, a Monthly Magazine of Literature, Philosophy and Religion. M. D. Conway, Editor. No. I. January, 1860. Published at Cincinnati.

† Uncle Paul could only have meant a pun: Saxon is doubtless a corruption of Saracen, and not from Latin saxum, a rock.

A FOREIGN DESPATCH OF JOHN MILTON.

From Mr. Douglas Hamilton's "Original Papers."

None of Milton's writings are superior in eloquence to the following despatch, addressed to the Duke of Savoy, and intended to be delivered by Sir Samuel Morland, in the hearing of the Duke:

"My most serene master, Oliver, Protector of the Commonwealth of England, Scotland and Ireland, has sent me to your Royal Highness, to whom he bids all health, life and a long and prosperous reign, which he trusts you may enjoy, amid the greetings and good wishes of a hearty and well-affected people. He is encouraged to hope this by merits of your own—regarding the noble disposition of your Royal Highness—your birth—the high expectation formed of you, no less than the old historical amity existing between the old kings of this realm and the house of Savoy, which he calls to mind. My most serene and good master it has pleased to send me on a mission of importance, though I am but a youth, unripe and unpractised, yet devoted to your Royal Highness, and a hearty friend to the interests of Italy. King Crœsus, according to the old story, had a son who was born dumb: yet he, the moment he saw a soldier aiming a wound at his father, recovered his tongue. Even so it is with me. My tongue this day is unloosened by those cruel wounds dealt at our mother the Church—unloosened to plead a cause on which the safety and all the hopes of many turn, trusting, as they do, by loyalty, obedience and lowliest prayers, to pacify the heart of your Royal Highness, now turned against them. In the cause of his distressed people—if even pity may improve their plight—his Highness the Protector of England comes forward as a suitor, and earnestly prays and beseeches your Royal Highness to vouchsafe to grant mercy to these poor and exiled subjects, who, dwelling at the roots of the Alps, in certain vales under your rule, have given their name to the religion of Protestants. He has heard a fact—no one will dare to say was done by consent of your Royal Highness—that these wretched people have been, some of them, cruelly slaughtered by your troops; some of them driven out by force, thrust out from their dwelling-place and country, homeless, houseless, penniless, utterly destitute, have gone over rough and inhospitable tracts, over hills heaped high with snow—gone as vagrants with their wives and children. If there be any truth in the report everywhere heard—would indeed it were a false report!—what deed of horror was not done or unattempted during those days!—everywhere was the sight of smoking houses, mutilated limbs and the earth reeking with blood; nay, maidens expired in wretched agony after being atrociously violated—even the aged and the sick were burnt with fire, infants were dashed on the rocks and the brains of others cooked and eaten—horrible wickedness unheard of before, and a cruelty, oh, good God! such as the heroes of all times and ages, if they were to come to life this very day, would have been ashamed of, seeing that they had never invented aught so inhuman. Nay, even angels shudder—mortals are amazed; the very heaven itself seems astonished at those outcries, and the earth blushes at the blood of so many innocent persons overspreading it. Do not Thou, O God, Most High!—do not Thou require the vengeance due to this deed! Wash out, O Christ! with Thy blood this stain. Nay, I will not tell them in order, nor dwell longer on these details; and what my serene master asks, you will better learn from his letters."

THE FIELD OF BATTLE.

Think only of the common hackneyed expressions which pass so lightly between the lips when speaking of a great battle. We talk exultingly, and with a certain fire, of "a magnificent charge," of "a splendid charge," yet very few will think of the hideous particulars these two airy words stand for. The "splendid charge" is a headlong rush of men on strong horses urged to their fullest speed, riding down and overwhelming an opposing mass of men on foot. The reader's mind goes no further; being content with the information that the enemy's line was "broken" and "gave way." It does not fill in the picture. To do so effectually, we must first think of an ordinary individual run down in the public street by a horseman moving at an easy pace. The result is usually fracture and violent contusion. We may strengthen the tones of the picture by setting this horseman at full gallop and joining to him a company of other flying horsemen. How will it be then with the unhappy pedestrian? So when the "splendid charge" has done its work and passed by, there will be found a sight very much like the scene of a frightful railway accident. There will be found the full complement of backs broken in two; of arms twisted wholly off; of men impaled upon their own bayonets; of legs smashed up like firewood; of heads sliced open like apples; of other heads crunched into soft jelly by iron hoofs of horses; of faces trampled out of all likeness to anything human. This is what skulks behind a "splendid charge." This is what follows, as a matter of course, when "our fellows rode at them in style," and "cut them up famously." Again, how often does the commander, writing home through official despatches, dwell particularly on the gallant conduct of Captain Smith, who, finding the enemy were "annoying our right a little," got his gun into position and "held them in check." Both expressions are fair in drawing-room phrases, to be mentioned cheerfully by ladies' lips. It is, as it were, a few flies buzzing about "our right wing," teasing and fretting "our" men. And yet, properly translated, it signifies this: that stray men of the right wing are now and then leaping with a convulsive start into the air, as a Minié bullet flies with sharp sting through their hearts; that stray men, suddenly struck, are rolling on the ground, that a man here and there is dropping down quite suddenly with a shriek, his firelock tumbling from his hand; in short that there is a series of violent death-scenes being enacted up and down the long line.—*All the Year Round.*

OLD FASHIONED COMFORT.

Our ancestors were a frugal, self-denying people, inured to hardship from the cradle; they were content to be without almost all the luxuries of life; but they enjoyed some of its comforts to which many of us are strangers—old-fashioned comforts, we may term them—and among these the old fire-place, as it used to be termed, held no mean rank. How vividly the picture of one of those spacious kitchens of the olden time comes to our mind with its plain furniture, and sanded floor innocent of paint, but as white as the neatest of house-wives could make it. In one corner stood the old clock, its very face wearing an aspect of good cheer, and seeming to smile benignantly upon a miniature moon over its head, which, tradition said, had at a remote period followed the rising and setting of its great prototype in the heavens, though its days of active service were long ago over. But the crowning glory of that kitchen was not its white sanded floor, nor the high desk with its pigeon holes, and secret drawers which no venturous youngster ever dared invade, nor yet the old clock ticking so musically in one corner, but it was the old-fashioned fire-place with its blazing embers, huge back-log and iron fire-dogs, that shed a glory over the whole room, gilded the plain and homely furniture with its bright light and rendered the place a fit type of true New England homes in "ye olden time."

Never were there such apples as those which swung round and round upon strings before the bright fire of a winter's evening—never such baked potatoes as those buried deep in the ashes upon the hearth—never such corn-stalks as those which caught a golden hue from the blazing embers, or turkeys like those turned slowly upon a spit, filling the room with savory odors so suggestive of a dainty repast.

Before the fire was the wooden settle, and here the children were wont to sit in the long evenings, telling stories cracking nuts, conning their lessons for the morrow, or listening in silence to the words of wisdom that fell from the lips of their superiors; and anon gazing in silence into the bright fire and conjuring up all sorts of grotesque and fanciful images from among the burning coals. No fabled genii with their magic lamps of enchantment could build such gorgeous palaces or create such gems as the child could discern amid the blazing embers of the old-fashioned fire-place.

And we must not neglect the chimney corner, where sat our grandfather in his accustomed seat—his hair silvered with the snows of many winters—a venerable man, to whom old age had come "frostily but kindly," and whose last days were like those of an Indian summer, serene and beautiful, even till the stars appeared in heaven.

How pure was the air of the room in these days! The huge fire-place, with its brisk draught, carried off the impurities of the atmosphere and left the air pure, life-giving and healthful. Now we crouch around hot cooking stoves and think it strange that we feel so stupid and drowsy of an evening; or we huddle about air-tight stoves and wonder that the air seems burnt and impure or we sit down in chilly rooms heated by a furnace, and marvel that, with all our costly furniture, soft carpets, bright mirrors and damask curtains, they are such cheerless places, so little like our ideas of a New England home.

Alas! that with all the so-called improvements of our advanced civilization, the fire should be permitted to go out forever in our old-fashioned fire-places, thus burying in the ashes of the past so many means of health, home comfort, good cheer and happiness.—*Exeter News Letter.*

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Manifest Destiny of the American Union,	10	[illegible]
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Report of the American Anti-Slavery Society, 1856,	25	[illegible]
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National Anti-Slavery Standard.

EXTRA.

THE REPUBLICAN PARTY: Its Origin, Necessity & Permanence.

A SPEECH BY CHARLES SUMNER,

Before the Young Men's Republican Union of New-York, at the Cooper Institute, July 11, 1860.

FELLOW-CITIZENS OF NEW-YORK: Of all men in our history, there are two whose influence at this moment is most peculiar. Though dead, they yet live, speak and act in the conflict of principles, which divides the country—standing face to face like two well-matched champions. When I add that one was from South Carolina and the other from Massachusetts, you will see at once that I mean John C. Calhoun, and John Quincy Adams.

Statesmen both of long career, of marked ability, and of unblemished integrity—acting together at first—sitting in the same Cabinet—which they quitted—one to become Vice-President, and the other President, then for the remainder of their days battling in Congress and dying there—each was a leader in life, but each has become in death a grander leader still.

Mr. Calhoun possessed an intellect of much originality and [illegible] and, [illegible] wanting in the culture [illegible] Mr. Adams added the well-ripened fruits of long experience in foreign lands, and of studies more various and complete than those of any public man in our history, beside an indomitable will, and that spirit of freedom which inspired his father when in the Continental Congress he so eloquently maintained the Declaration of Independence, making himself its "colossus" on that floor.

Sitting together in the Cabinet of Mr. Munroe, they concurred in sanctioning the Prohibition of Slavery in the Missouri Territory as constitutional, and so advised the President. But here the divergence probably began—though for a long time it was not made manifest. The Diary of Mr. Adams shows that at that early day, when Slavery had been little discussed, he saw its enormity with instinctive quickness, and described it with corresponding force. The record is less full with regard to Mr. Calhoun: but when in later life they appeared, one in the Senate, and the other in the House of Representatives, each openly assumed the position by which he will be known in history—one as the leader in all the pretensions of Slavery and of slave-masters, and the other as the champion of Freedom.

Mr. Calhoun regarded Slavery as a permanent institution; Mr. Adams regarded it as transitory. Mr. Calhoun vaunted it as a form of civilization; Mr. Adams scorned it as an unquestionable barbarism. Mr. Calhoun did not hesitate to call it the most stable basis for free government; Mr. Adams vehemently denounced it as a curse, full of weakness and mockery and doubly offensive in a boastful Republic. Mr. Calhoun, not content with thus exalting Slavery, proceeded to denounce the early opinions of Washington and Jefferson as "folly and delusion," to assail the self-evident truths of the Declaration of Independence as "absurd," and then to proclaim that human beings are property under the Constitution, and as such, may be transported into the Territories and there held in Slavery; while Mr. Adams added to the glory of his long and diversified career, by persistent efforts, which are better for his fame than having been President—upholding the great rights of petition and of speech; vindicating the self-evident truths of the Declaration of Independence; exposing the hateful character of Slavery; insisting upon its prohibition in the Territories; denying the asserted property in man; and especially and often exhibiting the unjust power in the National Government, usurped by what he called "the little cluster" of slave-masters, whose yoke was to him intolerable.

Such, most briefly told, were the antagonist opinions of these two chiefs. Never was great conflict destined to involve a great country more distinctly foreshadowed. All that the Republican party now opposes may be found in John C. Calhoun. All that the Republican party now maintains may be found in John Quincy Adams. Choose ye, fellow-citizens, between the two. The rule of "Principles, and not men" is hardly applicable to a man whose life now bears the sacred seal of death, and whose name is the synonim of principle; yet I do not hesitate to say that our cause is best appreciated in its precise objects and aims. Proud as we may be to tread where John Quincy Adams leads the way, there is a guide of more commanding authority found in the eternal laws of Right, and the concurring mandates of the Constitution itself, when properly interpreted, which teaches the duties of a good citizen. Such is the guide of the Republican party, which, I say fearlessly, where most known, will be most trusted, and which, when understood in its origin, will be seen to be no accidental or fugitive organization, merely for an election, but an irresistible necessity, which in the nature of things, must be as permanent as the pretensions, moral and political, which it seeks to constrain and counteract.

Let us dwell, then, on the Republican party, its origin, its necessity, and its permanence.

All must admit that if no Republican party existed now—even if that halcyon day so often promised by cajoling politicians had come, when the Slavery question was settled—still there would be a political necessity for a great party of Opposition to act as a check on the Administration. A kindred necessity was once expressed by an eminent British statesman, who gave as a toast, "A strong Administration and a strong Opposition." Parties are unknown in despotic countries. They belong to the machinery of free governments. Through parties, public opinion is concentrated and directed. Through parties, principles are maintained above men. And through parties, men in power are held to a just responsibility. But if ever there was occasion for such a party, it is now, when the corruptions of the Administration have been dragged to light by recent Committees of Congress. On this ground alone, good men might be summoned to rescue the Government of our country.

It is now an attested fact that Mr. Buchanan became President through corruption. Money, familiarly known as a "corruption fund," first distilled in small drippings from clerks and petty officials, was swollen by the larger contributions of merchants and contractors, and with this accumulation votes were purchased in Philadelphia, enough to turn the election in that great metropolis, and in the chain of cause and effect, to assure the triumph of the Democratic candidate. I speak now only what has been proved. Fraudulent naturalization papers in blank, by which this was perpetrated, have been produced before a Committee of Congress. It was natural that an Administration thus corrupt in origin, should continue to exercise power through the same corruption by which power was gained; but nothing else than that insensibility to acts of shame, which is bred by familiarity, can explain how all this should be done with such absolute indecency of exposure—wearing scarcely so much as a fig-leaf.

A letter from a local politician, addressed to the President himself, urging without disguise the giving of a large contract for machinery to a particular house in Philadelphia, employing 450 mechanics, with a view to the approaching election, was inclosed to the Secretary of the Navy, with this indorsement, in a well-known hand-writing: "Sept. 15, 1858. The inclosed letter from Col. Patterson of Philadelphia is submitted to the attention of the Secretary of the Navy. J. B." Thus did the President of the United States, in formal written words, now of record in the history of the country, recommend the employment of the public money, set apart for the public service, to influence an election. Here was corruption as positive as when his supporters purchased votes in the streets. From one, learn all; and from such a characteristic instance, learn the character of the Administration. But there are other well-known instances; and the testimony before the Congressional Committees discloses the President on Sundays, in secret conclave with one of his corrupt agents, piously occupied in discussing the chances of an election, and how its expenses were to be met, while, at the same time, like another Joseph Surface, he was uttering in public fine sentiments of political morality, and lamenting the prevalence of the very indecencies in which he was engaged.

It was natural that a President, who with professions of purity on the lips, made himself the pander of such vulgar corruption, should stick at nothing needed to carry his purposes. I shall not dwell on the Lecompton Constitution; but it belongs to this chapter. You all know its wickedness. Concocted originally at Washington, with the single purpose of fastening Slavery upon the people of Kansas, it was by execrable contrivance so arranged as to prevent the people, when about to become a State, from voting on that question. Next, sanctioned by a convention of usurpers, who in no respect represented the people of Kansas; then fraudulently submitted to the people for their votes, it was fraudulently adopted by stuffing ballot-boxes on a scale never before known—thus at the Delaware Crossing, where there were but forty-three legal voters, 400 were returned; at Oxford, where there were but forty-two legal voters, 1,000 were returned; and at Shawnee, where there were but forty legal voters, 1,200 were returned. And yet this Constitution, disowned by the very Governor who had gone to Kansas as the agent of the President, rotten with corruption, gaping with fraud, and steaming with iniquity, was at once recognized by the President, urged upon Congress in his Annual Message, and pressed for adoption by all the appliances of unprincipled power. If the words of Jugurtha, turning his back upon Rome, cannot be repeated, that *all had a price*, it was not from any forbearance in the President. A single editor was offered the printing of the Post-Office blanks, worth at least $80,000, upon the condition that he should, by an editorial no larger than a man's hand, promise subserviency to the Administration. Bribes of office were added to bribes of money. As the votes of electors had already been purchased to make Mr. Buchanan President, the votes of Representatives were now solicited to carry out his scheme of corruption, and the halls of Congress were changed into a political market-house, where men were bought by the head. Is not all this enough to arouse the indignation of the people?

It is true that the President, whose power began in corruption, and who is the responsible author of the corruption by which his Administration has been debased, is no longer a candidate for office. Already judgment has begun. His own political party has discarded him. The first avenging blow has been struck. Incorruptible history will do the rest. The tablets conspicuously erected in Genoa to expose the crimes of Doges, branding one as *Fur Magnus* and the other as *Maximus Latronum*, will not be needed here. The exposed corrupter, the tyrant enslaver, and the robber of Human Freedom, cannot be forgotten. Unhappy President! After a long career of public service, [illegible] as an example to be shunned. Better for him the oblivion of common life than the bad fame which he has won!

But, though not himself a candidate for office his peculiar supporters, animated by his spirit, linked with him in all his misrule, are embodied as a party, and ask your votes. Simply to resist this combination, and to save the Republic from its degrading influence, would justify the formation of the Republican party; and I doubt not that there are many who will be content to unite with us on this ground alone, anxious to put the National Government once again in pure hands. To all such, welcome!

While this consummation necessarily enters into the present purposes of the Republican party, while we naturally begin by insisting upon purity in the Government, and make this one of our urgent demands, it is obvious that the quickening impulse of the party, is to be found in other purposes, which cannot pass away in a single election. The Republican party seeks to overthrow the Slave Oligarchy in the National Government, and especially at this moment to stay its aggressions in the Territories, which through a corrupt interpretation of the Constitution, it threatens to barbarize with Slavery. But all who seek purity in the National Government must unite in this purpose; for only by the overthrow of this corrupt Oligarchy, which beginning in the denial of all human rights, necessarily shows itself in barbarism and corruption of all kinds, can a better order of things prevail. It is out of Slavery that all our griefs proceed; nor can the corruptions of the present Administration be fully comprehended without considering the nature of this Evil and its chronic influence over [illegible] Government, reaching [illegible] the agency [illegible] reaching example, [illegible] but still in itself [illegible] an all-sufficient activity. As well attempt to explain the Gulf Stream without the Gulf of Mexico, or the origin of Evil without the human heart, as attempt to explain the present degraded character of our National Government without Slavery. As well attempt to enact the play of Othello without the Moor. And permit me to say that our warfare with these corruptions will be feeble unless we attack them in their origin.

The subject is so vast that I can undertake to expose it by glimpses only.

At the beginning of our history, Slavery was universally admitted to be an Evil. Nobody then so hardy as to vindicate it. In the Convention which framed the Constitution, it was branded as "a nefarious institution," or more mildly called simply "wrong," and these generous voices came from the South as well as from the North. Out of the Convention there was a similar accord. I shall not quote the words of Washington, Jefferson, or Franklin, or Joy, for they are familiar to all. But as they spoke others spoke, and I might occupy this whole evening simply in reciting the testimony. Nor were these declarations confined to men in public life. The Colleges all, by special action, arrayed themselves against Slavery, especially the University of William and Mary, in Virginia, which conferred upon Granville Sharpe, the acknowledged chief of British Abolitionists, the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws. The Literature of the land, such as it was, agreed with the Colleges. The Church, too, added its powerful voice; and here, amid the diversities of religious faith, we hail that unity of spirit which animated all. Quakers, Methodists, Presbyterians, and Congregationalists seem almost to have vied with each other in this pious testimony.

The Constitution was adopted, but the word "slave" was not allowed to pollute its text; and this was in declared deference to the prevailing opinion, which regarded Slavery as temporary, destined soon to pass away. All looked forward to this glad day, which seemed to be almost at hand. In harmony with this expectation, Slavery was prohibited in all the existing territories of the Union, so that when Washington, as first President of the United States, at his inauguration here in New-York, took his first oath to support the Constitution, the flag of the Republic nowhere on the land within the jurisdiction of Congress covered a single slave. Little then did the Fathers dream that the Evil which they regarded with shame, and which they exerted themselves to prohibit, would elevate its obscene crest, as it now does, and flaunt its pretensions before the world. Little did they dream that the Constitution, from which they had carefully excluded the very *word*, would, in defiance of reason and of common sense, be held to protect the *thing*, so exceptionally that it could not be reached by Congressional prohibition, even within Congressional jurisdiction. Little did they dream that the text, which they left so pure and healthful, would, through corrupt interpretation, be swollen into such a hideous *Elephantiasis*.

Two circumstances, civilizing in themselves, have exercised an unexpected influence for Slavery; first, the abolition of the slave-trade, which by taking away the supply has increased the value of slaves; and secondly, the increased cultivation of cotton stimulated by the invention of new machinery. The last has been of especial influence. Indeed it is hardly too much to say, that out of this slender cotton fiber have been formed the manacles of the slave. Thus, through sinister influences, and the wickedness of men, is good made the minister of wrong. Next after Christopher Columbus, who, by his sublime enterprise, opened the pathway to the New World, Eli Whitney, who discovered the cotton gin, has been indirectly and unconsciously a chief agent in the bondage of the African race on the North American continent; and surely a proper gratitude for the advantages which we enjoy in such large store from these two discoveries must prompt us to increased activity for the welfare of those who, alas! have been such losers where we have been such gainers.

This change of opinion, so disastrous in its results, was gradual. Though easily detected, in its successive stages, by the careful inquirer, it did not become manifest to the whole country till 1820, when it burst forth in the Missouri question. Then, for the first time, Slavery openly showed itself violent, insolent, belligerent. Freedom was checked, but saved something by a compromise—called, at the moment of its adoption, by Charles Pinckney of South Carolina, "a triumph of the South," where, in consideration of the admission of Missouri as a Slave State—thus securing an additional preponderance to the Slave Power—it was stipulated that Slavery should be prohibited in certain outlying territory, at the time trodden only by savages. Then came a lull, during which the change was still at work, until cotemporaneous with the abolition of Slavery in the British West Indies, the discussion was lighted anew. Meanwhile slaves had augmented in price, and slave-masters had become more decided in opinion. At first, in timid deference to the world, they ventured on no defense of Slavery in the abstract; but at last, bolder grown under the lead of Mr. Calhoun, they threw aside all reserve, openly assailed the opinions of the Fathers, audaciously denied the self-evident truths of the Declaration of Independence, and by formal resolution asserted the new dogma of Slavery in the Territories. This was in 1847. A letter from Mr. Calhoun of that day, addressed to a member of the Alabama Legislature, shows that there was an element of policy in the exaggeration. His desire was "to force the Slavery issue on the North, believing that delay was dangerous, as the slavemasters were relatively stronger, both morally and politically, than they would ever be again.

At last the end has come. Slavery is openly pronounced at one time "the black marble keystone of our National Arch;" at another time "the corner-stone of our Republican edifice;" then it is vaunted as "the highest type of civilization;" then as "a blessing to the master as well as the slave;" and then again "as ennobling to the master if not to the slave." It is the only first step which costs, and therefore the authors of these opinions, so shocking to the moral sense, do not hesitate at other opinions equally shocking to the reason which pretend to find impossible sanctions for Slavery in the Constitution. Listening to these extravagances, who would not exclaim with Ben Jonson in the play?—

> Grave father, he's possest; again I say.
> Possest: nay, if there be possession
> And obsession, he has both.

And now, fellow-citizens, what is Slavery? This is no question merely of curiosity or philanthropy; for when the National Government, which you and I at the North help to constitute, is degraded to be its instrument, and all the National Territories are proclaimed open to its barbarism, and the Constitution itself is perverted to sanction its pretensions, the whole subject logically and necessarily enters into our discussion. It cannot be avoided; it cannot be blinked out of sight. Nay, you must pass upon it by your votes at the coming election. Futile is the plea that we at the North have nothing to do with Slavery. Granted that we have nothing to do with it in the States; we have much to do with all its irrational pretensions under the Constitution, and just so long as these irrational pretensions are urged, Slavery must be discussed. It must be laid bare in its enormity, precisely as though it were proposed to plant it here in New-York. Nor can such a wrong—foul in itself, and fouler still in its pretensions—be dealt with tamely. Tameness is surrender; and charity, too, may be misapplied. Forgiving those who trespass against us, I know not if we are called to forgive those who trespass against others; to forgive those who trespass against a race; to forgive those who trespass against the Republic; to forgive those who trespass against civilization; to forgive those who trespass against a whole race; to forgive those who trespass against the universal human family; finally to forgive those who trespass against God. Such trespassers now exist among us—possessing the organization of party—possessing the control of the National Government—constituting at this moment a colossal Power—and "what seems its head the likeness of a *President* has on." Surely if ever there was a moment when every faculty should be bent into the service, and all should be invigorated by an inspiring zeal falsely rejected by the heartless diplomatist, it is now, while the battle between Civilization and Barbarism is still undecided, and you are summoned to resist the last desperate shock. To this work I am not equal; but I do not shrink from the duties of my post. Alas! Human language is gentle, and the human voice is weak. Words only are mine, when I ought to command thunderbolts. Voice only is mine, when, like the ancient Athenian, I ought to carry the weapons of Zeus on the tongue.

What then, I repeat, is Slavery? The occasion forbids details; but enough must be presented to place this outrage in its true light—as something worse even than a constant state of war where the master is the constant aggressor. And here I put aside for the moment all the tales which reach us from the house of bondage; all the cumulative, crushing testimony, alike from slaves and from their masters; all the barbarous incidents which have helped to arouse a yet too feeble indignation; in short, all the glimpses which have come to us from this mighty Blue Beard's chamber. All these I put aside, not because they are of little moment in exhibiting the true character of Slavery, but because I desire to arraign Slavery on grounds above all controversy, impeachment or suspicion, even from slave masters themselves. Not on triumphant story, adorned by the genius of woman; not even on indisputable facts do I now accuse Slavery; but on its itself. Out of its own mouth do I condemn it.

By the *law of Slavery*, man created in the image of God, fearfully and wonderfully made, with sensibilities of pleasure and pain, with sentiments of love, with aspirations for improvement, with a sense of property, and with a soul like ourselves, is divested of his human character, and declared to be a mere chattel "to all intents and purposes whatsoever." I do not stop to give at length all its odious words; you are doubtless familiar with them. But in this simple definition is contained the whole incalculable wrong of Slavery; for out of it, as from an inexhaustible fountain, are derived all the unrighteous prerogatives of the master. These are five in number; and I know not which is most revolting.

First, there is the pretension that *man can hold property in man*, forgetful that, by a law older than all human law, foremost stands the indefeasible right of every man to himself.

Secondly, the *absolute nullification of the relation of husband and wife*, so that all who are called slaves are delivered over to concubinage or prostitution; they may be with each other, or it may be with their master; but with whomsoever it may be, it is the same, for with slaves marriage is impossible, as they are always "coupled," never married.

Thirdly: *The absolute nullification of the relation of parent and child*: for the infant legally belongs not to the mother who bore it, but to the master who bought it.

Fourthly: *The absolute denial of* [illegible] the master may always, at his own rude discretion, prevent his [illegible] read, [illegible] upon him [illegible] knowledge [illegible]

Fifthly: *The absolute robbery of the labor of another and of all its fruits*—forgetful that by the same original law under which every man has a title to himself, he has also a title to the fruits of his own labor, amounting in itself to a sacred property, which no person, however called, whether despot or master, can righteously appropriate.

Such are the five essential elements of Slavery. Look at them, and you will confess that this institution stands forth as a hateful assemblage of unquestionable wrongs under the sanction of existing law. Take away any one of these, and just to that extent Slavery will cease to exist. Take away all, and the Slavery question will be settled. But this assemblage becomes more hateful still when its unmistakable *single motive* is detected, which is simply this—*to compel Labor without wages*. Incredible as it may seem, it cannot be denied that the right of a man to himself—the right of a husband to his wife—the right of a parent to his child—the right of a man to instruction—the right of a man to the fruits of his own labor—all these supreme rights, by the side of which other rights are petty, are trampled down, in order to organize that *five-headed* selfishness, practically maintained by the lash, which, look at it as you will, has for its single object COMPULSORY LABOR WITHOUT WAGES.

That Slavery thus constituted, can be good for the master, is one of the hallucinations of the system—something like the hallucination of the opium-eater. Fascinating, possibly, it may be for a time, but debasing and destructive it must be in the end. That slavemasters should be violent and tyrannical—that they should be regardless of all rights, especially where Slavery was in question—and that the higher virtues of character should fail in them—all this might be inferred, even in the absence of evidence, according to the irresistible laws of cause and effect. No man can do injustice with impunity. He may not suffer in worldly condition; but he must suffer in his own nature. And the very unconsciousness in which he lives aggravates the unhappy influence. Nor can familiarity with the scenes of Slavery fail to exert hardening influence.

Persons become accustomed to scenes of brutality, till they witness them with indifference. Hogarth, that master of human nature, has portrayed this tendency in his picture of a dissection at a Medical College, where the President maintains the dignity of insensibility over a corpse which he regards simply as the object of a lecture. And Horace Walpole, who admired the satire of this picture, finds in it an illustration of the truth, that "the legal habitude of viewing shocking scenes hardens the human mind, and renders it unfeeling." And this simple truth, in its most general application, illustrates the condition of the slave-master. How can he show sensibility for the common rights of fellow-citizens, who sacrifices daily the most sacred rights of others merely to secure *labor without wages*. With him a false standard is necessarily established, bringing with it a blunted moral sense, and clouded perceptions, so that when he does something intrinsically barbarous or mean, he does not blush to find it fame.

Here, again, I forbear all details. The reason of the intellect blending with the reason of the heart; the testimony of history fortified by the testimony of good men; an array of unerring figures linked with an array of unerring facts; all these I might employ. And I might proceed to show how this barbarous influence beginning on the plantation, diffuses itself throughout society, enters into official conduct, and even mounts into Congress, where for a long time it has exercised a vulgar domination. But I shall [illegible] chapter.

But there is one frightful circumstance, unhappily of frequent occurrence, which proclaims so clearly the character of the social system bred by Slavery that I shall be pardoned for adducing it. I refer to the roasting of slaves alive at the stake; one has been roasted only recently; not after a public trial, according to the forms of law, as at the fires of Smithfield, but by a lawless crowd, suddenly assembled, who in this way make themselves the ministers of a cruel vengeance. This Barbarism, which seems to have become a part of the customary law of Slavery may well cover us all with humiliation, when we reflect that it has already been renounced by the copper-colored savages of our continent; while, during the present century, more instances of it have occurred among our slave-masters than we know of among our savages since that early day when Capt. Smith was saved from this fate by the tenderness of Pocahontas. Perhaps no other usage reveals with such fearful distinctness the deep-seated, pervading influence of Slavery, offensive to civilization, hostile to law itself, by virtue of which it pretends to live, insulting to humanity, shocking to decency, and utterly heedless of all rights, forms or observances, in the maintenance of its wicked power.

Let me not be unjust to slave-masters. Some there are, I know, of happy natures, uncorrupted by the possession of tyrannical power, who render the condition of their slaves endurable, and in private virtues emulate the graces of civilization; but the good in these cases comes from the masters, *notwithstanding* Slavery. And, besides, there are the great examples of the Fathers of the Republic, who, looking down upon Slavery and regarding it as an Evil, were saved from its contamination. To all these I render heart-felt homage. But their virtues cannot save from condemnation the essential wrong which I now expose.

Such, fellow-citizens, is Slavery as it appears in its law, and also in its influence on society. Bad as it is, if it modestly kept at home—if it did not stalk into the National jurisdiction, and enter into the National Government, *within the reach of our votes*, I should not summon you on this occasion to unite against it; for whatever may be the promptings of sympathy and of godlike philanthropy, nothing is clearer than that our political duties depend simply upon our political responsibilities; and since we are not politically responsible for Slavery in Charleston, or in Constantinople, so in neither place have we any political duties in regard to it. Lament it wherever it exists we must, and surround its victims with our prayers, but our action while inspired by these sentiments must rest within the landmarks of the law and the Constitution.

And here the field is ample. Indeed, if Slavery existed nowhere within the national jurisdiction, as it clearly does, our duties would still be urgent, to grapple with that pernicious influence, which through an *Oligarchical Combination* of slave masters, unknown to the Constitution, never anticipated by its founders, and existing in defiance of their example, has entered into and possessed the National Government, like an Evil Spirit. This influence, which, wielding at will all the powers of the National Government—even those of the judiciary itself—has become formidable to Freedom everywhere, clutching violently at the Territories, and menacing the Free States themselves, as witness the claim still undecided in the Court of the last resort of a citizen of Virginia to hold slaves in New-York on the way to Texas; this influence, now so vaunting, was for a long time unobserved, even while exercising a controlling power. At first timid and shy, from an undoubted consciousness of its guilt, it avoided discussion; but it was determined in its policy. The Southern Senator who boasted that for sixty years the Slave States had governed the country, knew well their constant inferiority to the Free States in population, wealth, manufactures, commerce, schools, churches, libraries, and all the activities of a true civilization; knew well that they had contributed nothing to the literature of the country, even in political economy and the science of Government, which they have so vehemently professed, except the now forgotten "forty-bale theory;" knew well that by no principle of justice could this long predominance be explained; but he forgot to confess the secret agency. True it is that, in the game of office and legislation, the Slaves States have always won. They have played with loaded dice—*loaded with Slavery*. The trick of the Automaton Chess Player, for so long a time an incomprehensible marvel, has been repeated with similar success. Let the Free States make a move on the board, and the Slave States have said "check." Let them strive for Free-Trade, and the cry has been "check." Let them jump toward Protection, and again it is "check." Let them move toward Internal Improvements, and the cry is still "check." Whether forward or backward, to the right or left, wherever they moved, the Free States have been pursued by an inexorable "check." But the secret is now discovered. Amid the well-arranged machinery, which seemed to give motion to the victorious chess-player, was concealed a *motive force* which has not been estimated—the Slave Power. It is the Slave Power which has been the perpetual victor, saying always "check" to the Free States. And it is the Slave Power which, according to the boast of the Senator, has governed the country.

The actual number of slaveholders was for a long time unknown, and on this account was naturally exaggerated. It was often represented to be very great. On one occasion, a distinguished representative from Massachusetts, whose name will be ever cherished for his devotion to human rights—I mean the late Horace Mann—was rudely interrupted on the floor of Congress by a member from Alabama, who averred that the number of slaveholders was as many as 3,000,000. At that time there was no official document by which this extravagance could be corrected. But at last we have it. The late census, taken in 1850, shows that the whole number of this peculiar class—embracing men, women, and children, all told, who are so unfortunate as to hold slaves—was only 347,000; and of this number, the large part are small slaveholders, leaving only 91,000 persons as the owners of the great mass of [illegible] oligarchy, odious in origin, without [illegible] which is the essential [illegible] association, stuck together only [illegible] the *five-headed* wrong of Slavery [illegible] itself a *Magnum Latrocinium*. [illegible] of one of its own leaders, for [illegible] the Republic. To this end [illegible] concurred. First, its associated [illegible] value of its human flesh, [illegible] capital of two thousand millions [illegible] peculiar representatives [illegible] Representatives, where, under [illegible] of the Constitution, ninety members [illegible] seats by virtue in part of this [illegible] are the slavemasters an enormous [illegible] stock company, by the side [illegible] Bank with its petty thirty [illegible] and without any peculiar representation [illegible] insignificance.

[illegible] I dwell on the amazing disproportion [illegible] by this Oligarchy. From the [illegible] posts of the Republic—the Presidency [illegible] seats in the Cabinet, seats [illegible] to have been almost perpetual [illegible]. At this moment, the Free [illegible] population of Slave States, have [illegible] Judges of the Supreme Court: [illegible] there are Northern [illegible] and in the humbler [illegible] same extraordinary disproportion [illegible] and 806 [illegible] the Slave [illegible] Down to this moment, it has held the [illegible] every office, from the President to the humblest Postmaster, compelling all to do its bidding. It organizes Cabinets. It organizes Courts. It directs the Army and Navy. It manages every department of public business. It presides over the censuses. It controls the Smithsonian Institution, founded by the generous charity of a foreigner, to promote the interests of mankind. And it subsidizes the national press, alike in the national capital and in the remotest villages of the North.

In maintaining its power, the Slave Oligarchy has applied a test for office very different from that of Jefferson: "Is he honest? Is he capable? Is he faithful to the Constitution?" These things are all forgotten now in the single question, which signalizes the great change which has taken place, "Is he faithful to Slavery?" With arrogant ostracism, it excludes from every national office all who cannot respond to this test. So complete and irrational has this tyranny become, that at this moment while I now speak, could Washington, or Jefferson, or Franklin, or John Jay, once more descend from their spheres above, to mingle in our affairs, and bless us with their wisdom, not one of them, with his recorded, *unretracted* opinions on Slavery could receive a nomination for the Presidency from either branch of the divided Democratic party, or from that other political combination, known as the Union party; nor, stranger still, could either of these sainted patriots, whose names alone open a perpetual fountain of gratitude in all your hearts, be confirmed by the Senate of the United States for any political function whatever, not even for the local office of Postmaster. What I now say amid your natural astonishment, I have often said before in addressing the people, and I have more than once uttered from my seat in the Senate, and no man there has made answer, for no man who has sat in its secret sessions, and there learned the test which is practically applied could make answer; and I ask you to accept this statement as my testimony derived from the experience which has been my lot. Yes, fellow-citizens, had this test prevailed in the earlier days, Washington—first in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen, could not have been created generalissimo of the American forces; Jefferson could not have taken his place on the Committee to draft the Declaration of Independence; and Franklin could not have gone forth to France, with the commission of the infant Republic, to secure the invaluable alliance of that ancient kingdom; nor could John Jay, as first Chief Justice, have lent to our infant judiciary the grace of his name and character.

Standing on the bent necks of an enslaved race—with four millions of human beings as the black marble Caryatides to support its power, the Slave Oligarchy erects itself into a lordly Caste which brooks no opposition. But when I speak of Caste I mean nothing truly polite; and when I speak of Oligarchy I mean nothing truly aristocratic. As despotism is simply an abuse of monarchy, so an Oligarchy is simply an abuse of aristocracy, unless it be that most vulgar of all, the "aristocracy of the skin." Derived from Slavery, and having the interests of Slavery always in view, our oligarchy must naturally take its character from this *five-headed* wrong.

> "Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill."

All that is bad in Slavery—its audacity, its immorality, its cruelty, its robbery, its meanness, its ignorance, its [illegible] disregard of human rights, and its barbarous [illegible] of human obligation, must all be reproduced in its representative. If the Oligarchy hesitates at nothing to serve its selfish ends, it simply acts in harmony with Slavery, from which it draws its life-blood. If in grasp of power it is like the hunchback Richard; if in falsehood it copies Iago, and if in character it is as brutal as the untaught Caliban,

> "Which any print of goodness will not take,
> Being capable of all ill":

Aye, if in all these respects it surpasses its prototypes, be not astonished, fellow-citizens, for it acts simply according to the original law and the inborn necessities of its being.

The soul sickens in contemplating the acts of dishonest tyranny which have been perpetrated by this domineering power. I cannot give their history now. But looking at the old Missouri Compromise, founded on the admission of Missouri as a Slave State, and in consideration thereof the Prohibition of Slavery in other outlying Territory, and seeing how—after an acquiescence of thirty-two years, and the irreclaimable possession by Slavery of its especial share in the provisions of this Compromise—in violation of every obligation of honor, compact and good neighbood, and in contemptuous disregard of the out-gushing sentiments of an aroused North—this time-honored Prohibition was overturned, and the vast region now known as Kansas and Nebraska, was opened to Slavery; looking next at the juggling bill by which this was accomplished, declaring that its object was to leave the people "perfectly free to form their domestic institutions in their own way"—and seeing, how, in spite of these express words, the courageous settlers there were left a prey to invading hordes from Missouri, who entering the Territory organized a Usurpation, which by positive law proceeded to fasten Slavery upon that beautiful soil, and to surround it with a code of death; looking at the Lecompton Constitution, that master-piece of wicked contrivance, by which this same people, in organizing for a State, were fraudulently prevented from passing upon the question of Slavery—and seeing how the infamous counterfeit, though repudiated by the people, was openly adopted by the President, and by him corruptly urged upon Congress, with all the power of his Administration; looking at the these things, and others which fill the mind, I feel how vain it is to expect truce or compromise with the Slave Oligarchy. Punic in faith, no compact can bind it, while all interpretations of the Constitution, friendly to Freedom, though sanctioned by Court and Congress in continuous precedents, are unceremoniously rejected. Faust, in the incomparable poem of Goethe, on being told that in Hell itself the laws prevail, says:

> Now that I like; so then, one may, in fact,
> Conclude a binding compact with you, gentry!

To which Mephistophiles replies:

> Whatever promise in our books finds entry,
> We strictly carry into act.

But no compact or promise binds the gentry of Slavery—although in their books it may find entry!

Of course, fellow-citizens, you are now ready to see that the corruptions by which the present Administration has been degraded are the natural offspring of the immorality of Slavery. They have all occurred in sustaining the policy of the Oligarchy, and in the case of the Lecompton Constitution, in a direct effort to fasten Slavery upon a distant territory, and they are all marked by the effrontery of Slavery. Smollett attributes the peculiar profligacy of England at a particular period to the demoralization of the South Sea Bubble; but such an influence cannot be comparable in this respect to Slavery, which indeed if it were not a crime, might well be called a Bubble. But a Government which vindicates the sale of human beings need not hesitate to purchase the vote of an elector at the polls, or of a member of Congress. The two transactions belong to the same family, though unquestionably the last is the least reprehensible.

Fellow citizens, would you arrest these corruptions, and the disastrous influence from which they spring, involving nothing less than civilization on this continent, the Republican party tells you how, and in telling you how, it vindicates at once its origin and its necessity. The work must be done, and there is no other organization by which it can be done. A party with such an origin and such a necessity cannot be for a day or for this election only. It cannot be less permanent than the hostile influence which it is formed to counteract. Therefore, just so long as the present false theories of Slavery prevail, whether concerning its character, morally, economically and socially, or concerning its prerogatives under the Constitution, just so long as the Slave Oligarchy, which is the sleepless and unhesitating agent of Slavery in all its pretensions continues to exist as a political power, the Republican party must endure. It bad men conspire for Slavery, good men must combine for Freedom; nor can the Holy War be ended until the barbarism now dominant in the Republic is overthrown, and the Pagan power is driven from our Jerusalem. And when this triumph is won, securing the immediate object of our organization, the Republican party will not die, but, purified by its long contest with Slavery, and filled with higher life, it will be lifted to yet other efforts for the good of man.

At present the work is plain before us. It is simply to elect our candidates: Abraham Lincoln of Illinois, whose ability so conspicuously shown in his own State attracted at once the admiration of the whole country; whose character no breath has touched, and whose heart is large enough to embrace the broad Republic and all its people—him you will elect President; and Hannibal Hamlin of Maine, whose clear head, firm principles, and ample experience none who sit with him in the Senate Chamber can contest—him you will elect Vice-President. Electing these, we shall put the National Government—at least in its Executive department—openly and actively on the side of Freedom; and this alone will be of incalculable influence—not only in itself, but as the harbinger of the future.

First and foremost, we shall save the Territories from the five-headed barbarism of Slavery, keeping them in their normal condition, as they came from the hand of God, free, with Freedom written on the soil and engraved on the rock, while the winds will whisper it in the trees, the rivers will murmur it in their flow, and [illegible]

Next we shall save the country from the crying infamy of the slave-trade, whose opening anew is now menaced, is, indeed, but a logical consequence of the new theories of Slavery. If Slavery be the "blessing" it is vaunted, then must the slave-trade be beneficent, and they who ply it with the fiercest activity must take their places among the missionaries and saints of humanity.

Next we shall save the Constitution, at least within the sphere of Executive influence, from outrage and perversion: so that the President will no longer lend himself to that wildest pretension of the Slave Oligarchy, as Mr. Buchanan has done, by declaring that Slavery is carried under the Constitution into all Territories, and that it now exists in Kansas as firmly as in South Carolina. As out of nothing can come nothing, so out of the nothing in the Constitution on this subject can be derived no support for this inordinate pretension, which may be best dismissed in that classical similitude by which the ancient Romans rebuked groundless folly, when they called it *ass's wool*, which is something that does not exist—and plainly said to its author, *asini lanam quæris (You gather ass's wool)!*

Next we shall help to save the Declaration of Independence, now dishonored and disowned in its essential life-giving truth—the *Equality of Man*. This transcendent principle, which appears twice at the Creation—first, when God said, "Let us make man in our own image," and, secondly, in the unity of the race, then divinely established; which appears again in the gospel when it was said, "God that made the world [illegible] hath made [illegible] of one blood all nations of men;" which appears again [illegible] belongs to those self-evident truths, something [illegible] axioms, which no man can question without exposing to question his own intelligence or honesty. As well deny arithmetically that two and two make four, or deny geometrically that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points, as deny the axiomatic, self-evident, beaming truth, that all men are equal. As of the sun in the heavens—blind is he who cannot perceive it. Of course, this principle, uttered in a declaration of rights, is applicable simply to rights; and it is a childish sophism to allege against it the obvious inequalities of form, character and faculties. As an axiom, it admits no exceptions; for it is the essence of an axiom, whether in geometry or morals, to be universal. As an abstract truth, it is also without exception, according to the essence of such truth. And finally as a self-evident truth, so announced in the Declaration, it is without exceptions, for only such truth can be self-evident. Thus, whether as axiom, as abstract truth, or self-evident truth, it is always universal. In vindicating this principle, the Republican party have a grateful duty to which they are moved alike by justice to a much-injured race, excluded from its protection, and by justice to the Fathers, whose well-chosen words—fit foundation for an empire—have been turned into a mockery; nor can the madness of the Propagandists of Slavery be better illustrated than in this assault on the Declaration of Independence, stultifying the Fathers for no other purpose than to clear the way for their five-headed system of *Compulsory Labor without Wages*.

And, finally, we shall help to expel the Slave Oligarchy from all its seats of National power, and drive it back within the States. This alone is worthy of every effort; for until this is done, nothing else can be completely done. In vain you seek economy or purity in the National Government; in vain you seek improvement of rivers and harbors; in vain you seek homesteads on the public lands for actual settlers; in vain you seek reform in administration; in vain you seek dignity and peace in our foreign relations with just sympathy for struggling Freedom everywhere; while this selfish and corrupt power holds the National purse and the National sword. Prostrate the Slave Oligarchy, and the door will be open to all generous principles; Prostrate the Slave Oligarchy, and liberty will become, in fact, as in law, the normal condition of all the national Territories. Prostrate the Slave Oligarchy, and the National Government will be at length divorced from Slavery, and the national policy will be changed from Slavery to Freedom. Prostrate the Slave Oligarchy, and the North will be admitted to its just share in the trusts and honors of the Republic! Prostrate the Slave Oligarchy, and a mighty victory of Peace will be won, whose influence on the future of our country and of mankind no imagination can paint!

Prostrated, exposed, and permanently expelled from ill-gotten power, the Oligarchy will soon cease to exist as a political combination. Its final doom may be postponed, but it is certain. Languishing, it may live yet longer; but it will surely die. Yes, fellow-citizens, surely, it will die—when disappointed in its purposes—driven back within the States, and constrained within these limits—it can no longer rule the Republic as a plantation of slaves at home; can no longer menace the Territories with its five-headed device to compel *Labor without Wages*; can no longer fasten upon the Constitution an interpretation which makes merchandise of men, and gives a disgraceful immunity to the brokers of human flesh and the butchers of human hearts; and when it can no longer grind flesh and blood, groans and sighs, the tears of mothers and the cries of children, into the cement of a barbarous political Power! Surely, then, in its retreat, smarting under the indignation of an aroused people and the concurring judgment of the civilized world, it must die—it may be, as a poisoned rat dies of rage in its hole!

Meanwhile, all good omens are ours. The work cannot stop. Quickened by the triumph now at hand—with a Republican President in power—State after State, quitting the condition of a territory and spurning Slavery, will be welcomed into our Plural Unit, and, joining hands together, will become a belt of fire girt about the Slave States, within which Slavery must die; or, happier still, joining hands together, they will become to the Slave States a zone of Freedom, radiant like the ancient cestus of Beauty, with trasforming power.

It only remains that we should speed these good influences. Others may dwell on the Past as secure. But to my mind, under the laws of a beneficent God, *the Future also is secure*—on the single condition that we press forward in the work with heart and soul—forgetting self—turning neither to the right nor left—[illegible] hour—and, intent only on the cause,

> With mean compliance ne'er betray our trust,
> Nor be so civil as to prove unjust.

MEXICO.

DEFEAT AND CAPTURE OF MIRAMON.

From The N. O. Picayune, July 3.

The United States Mail steamship Arizona, which arrived at this port yesterday, brings—to one of our most prominent and best-informed Mexican residents—the important news that Gen. Miramon had been defeated at Salamanca, and made prisoner by Gen. Zaragoza, of the Liberal army.

This news is brought in a private letter from Monterey to Matamoras, and was received just before the steamer sailed. It would appear to be every way reliable.

Gen. Miramon was at the head of the whole reactionary force, recently collected in the vicinity of Queretaro, and Gen. Zaragoza, of the Constitutional army, since the defeat of Gen. Uraga at Guadalajara.

Of the battle we have no particulars, but presume it was a general engagement. The defeat and capture of Miramon alone, however, would be a brilliant victory. The place of the battle was the same in which Gen. Parodi was formerly routed.

We learn also by the same source that Gonzales Ortega, at the head of the Constitutional force at Zacatecas, had met and routed the reactionary Gen. Ramirez.

This news was received at Monterey on the 22d, by express from San Luis. It would appear to be reliable.

The important Mexican news we publish comes from one of the most substantial commercial houses of Matamoras. It was furnished to them by their correspondents at Monterey, whither it was brought by express from San Luis. The fact that it comes to us through one channel only [illegible].

In itself the news is very probable. After their disastrous repulse from Guadalajara, the Liberals retired to one of the strongest positions in the vicinity, where they were said to number some 10,000 men. Gen. Uraga having been wounded, the command devolved on Gen. Zaragoza, a competent officer, as likely as any other, to lead the repulsed army to victory.

On the other hand, Gen. Miramon, at the head of about the same number of Reactionists, would not be likely to move with the greatest caution. Personally, he is said to be a reckless man, and in view of his remarkably brilliant career, it would not be unnatural for him to indulge in some degree of self-confidence and contempt for his enemy. Many of his troops, moreover, had just come from a successful engagement at Guadalajara, and would be quite likely to share the sentiments of their General, especially in the excitement of pursuit.

Under these circumstances, then, the two armies met at or near the City of Salamanca, in the State of Guanajuato. The Reactionists, if we are to believe the account before us, have been utterly routed, and the Liberals remained masters of an already historic field. The "invincible" Gen. Miramon also is in the hands of the enemy, and is now a prisoner. This is a great victory, for it was only the tact and prestige of this remarkable man that has for the last twelve months kept his party from crumbling to pieces. Their money is gone, they are divided among themselves, the sentiments of the people are against them, and it is only the almost unbroken series of victories [illegible] that has thus far kept them together.

The news from Zacatecas also is very probable in itself, and comes to us on the same excellent authority. Gov. Ortega has the reputation of being a very prudent officer, and furthermore commanded what might be called the home army, or national guards of the State. The first [illegible] in this affair is, therefore, very probably [illegible] the invader, Ramirez, who would not be likely to be at the head of a very strong force, for [illegible] the overweening confidence of his superior officer, Miramon. He was on his way to join the Reactionist army, two thousand [illegible]

From the extreme northern States we learn that Gov. Vidaurri, of New Leon and Coahuila, had put himself at the head of a new party, whose professed object the return of Gen. Comonfort to the Presidency. And in this he was joined by Gens. Doblado and Traconis, who, we are given to understand, had already issued proclamations [illegible] effect. These proclamations have not yet reached us, but the news is not altogether improbable.

For a long time, [illegible] spectable party in Mexico, who [illegible] Church oligarchy, and hopes [illegible] effectual relief from the extreme Radicals, have turned their attention to this, the most moderate, influential, and really respected President the Republic [illegible] revolution. And yet, Gen. Comonfort is by no means a concessionist or a trimmer. He is out-spoken in favor of the Liberal course and the Constitution of 1857-8, which was framed under his administration, but he is at the same time a respecter of vested rights, and opposed to proscription of any kind.

This, we understand, is the real basis of the new movement in Mexico, and to which, it is now said, Gen. Vidaurri, of the State of New-Leon and Coahuila, has given his adhesion. The only danger is, that he himself, who is by no means a politician, [illegible] other successful General, may have too little tact to get himself preferred for the Presidency of a Republic which usually confers that honor upon the last most successful [illegible].

IMPORTANT OVERLAND NEWS.

CAPTURE OF A BAND OF DESPERATE OUTLAWS—EXCITEMENT OVER THE GOLD DISCOVERIES.

From The Missouri Democrat.

Mr. W. A. Wallace, one of the editors of The Alta California arrived in our city last evening from San Francisco, having come by the Butterfield Overland Mail route. In consequence of sickness he was obliged to quit the stages at Fort Smith [illegible]

[illegible] Colorado and Gila Rivers [illegible] place of refuge for fugitive villains for a long time, and their numbers have there [illegible] from arrest. Many robberies have been perpetrated upon individuals, and also upon the Company. On a recent occasion 100 sacks of barley, worth at that point 12 cents per pound, were carried off; animals also were stolen. The intentions of the band, however, were growing too sanguine for them. A plan was laid to rob the mail and passengers, and also the agent of the road. Before it was accomplished one of the band revealed the plot to Mr. Stevens, agent at the Colorado, and he, with Messrs. Jacobs and Ianger, took immediate steps to break up the gang.

On the 13th ult. three of the men were arrested and choked by a hangman's noose from the lower branch of a mesquit until they confessed crimes, names, and numbers, with necks black from the compression of the rope. They were ironed, and sent under escort to San Diego for trial. They were men for whom rewards were still advertised, as escaped fugitives from the courts of that county.

The next day two others, having a lurking place down the river, were arrested, and, after confession, were ordered to leave the country at an hour's notice, which they were only too glad to do.

The revelations located a number of the band all along the road as far as Tucson, where the leader, a bold man, escaped from justice in Los Angeles, remained. Messrs. Stearns and Jacobs came up to Tucson, arrested Jenkins and Phelps, and took them back in irons to the Colorado. At the Pimo villages Jenkins managed to escape into the thicket that borders the river, but the Indians, 500 in number, turned out with sticks, surrounded the thicket, and, drawing a circle, soon caught him, and [illegible].

Two other bad men were arrested at the Ferry—Renh. Leroy and Charley Rathburn—making ten in all, eight of whom were sent to San Diego for trial. There was great excitement among all the bad characters there, but the promptness of Stearns and Jacobs so astonished them that they made no attempt to rescue their associates.

The recent discovery of gold in the mountains, between the Gila and Mimbres Rivers, is creating immense excitement through all the country. Hundreds of men and many women were going to the mines, on all sorts of conveyances. Some of the towns on the Rio Grande were nearly depopulated. It is said that when the last stage came through, not more than 40 men were remaining in El Paso. The employés of the Overland Mail Company at many of the stations have given notice of their intention to quit the service and follow the crowd.

The country is undoubtedly rich in gold. We conversed with gentlemen who had visited the mines, and who intend returning. Extraordinary good luck has attended the labors of many. The location of the mines is between the foot of the Gila and Mimbres Rivers, about six miles from either stream, and about thirty miles north of the stage road. The Mimbres is a small affluent of the Gila, a hundred miles west of the town of Mesilla, and one hundred and forty miles from El Paso.

On the 18th ult., a band of 25 Comanches attacked the station at the "Head of Concho," 100 miles east of the "Pecos Crossing," killed the agent, Mr. J. W. Sheppard, scalped him, and run off all the stock, eleven mules. The stage was [illegible] other animals to be brought [illegible] one Indian, the chief of the party, before he fell. He was a native of New-Hampshire, but was recently from Kansas, where he has a wife and three children now residing near Lecompton.

At the Clear Fork of the Brazos River, about the 20th inst., Capt. Baylor, a Texan ranger, very fond of Indian sports, returned from a Comanche hunt, bringing nine scalps and forty horses. He asserts that he killed fifteen of the enemy, but was only able to secure nine scalps. His party consisted of [illegible] men.

On Tuesday morning, 3d inst., at daylight, the Overland Mail Station, 22 miles east of Syracuse, was burned. Four horses, one of the finest on the road, perished in the flames. The cause of the fire was unknown, but is supposed to have arisen from a match having been dropped upon the ground and ignited by being trodden upon the horse. W.

INFAMOUS OUTRAGE IN ILLINOIS.

THREE FREE MEN CARRIED INTO SLAVERY—LAW, JUSTICE AND HUMANITY OUTRAGED—BRUTE FORCE TRIUMPHANT.

Correspondence of The Chicago Tribune.

CLIFTON, Ill., July 4, 1860.

DEAR SIR: About 8 o'clock last Sunday evening, our usually quiet village was visited by a band of the most barbarous men that I ever witnessed. It seems by what was developed at the trial of some of the parties yesterday that several men from Missouri have had their headquarters at Ashkum the past three weeks or more, where, with the assistance of one George D. Smith, a trader in Ashkum, and a Mr. Cornelius, formerly a Kentuckian, who lives in the immediate neighborhood of Ashkum, have been working up a plan, for several weeks, to kidnap some colored men who have been living in this town.

About 8 o'clock they had managed to get five of the boys into the Sellis House, where Smith made himself very free in entertaining them, when eight other men armed to the teeth, rushed in and presenting their pistols told the boys they were prisoners. Two of the most powerful of the boys made a dash, and knocking down several of the ruffians, made their escape, the other three were pounded severely on the head with the butt of their pistols, over-powered, hand-cuffed, thrown into a wagon and driven off before any alarm could be given. What makes the affair the more diabolical, is the fact that one of the men carried off never was a slave, and one had been freed by his master, the third one might or might not have been a slave, but little was known of him.

It appears from what we learn since the affair occurred, that one of the boys that escaped probably had been a slave, and that his master was one of the band who figured here. It appears that this slave-owner made a bargain with Smith and Cornelius of Ashkum to give them [illegible] for each one of the boys [illegible] Smith, so they had to take the other three, who were driven to Ashkum, about four miles, where they were put on board the cars of the Illinois Central Railroad Company.

There seemed to be a perfect understanding between the kidnappers and the conductor of the train—as the cars had hardly come to a stop before the negroes were thrust on board, and the train set in motion. A sufficient number of citizens went on board the train to prevent the negroes from being put on board, [illegible] I learn, the kidnapped negroes were taken to St. Louis.

In addition to the nine kidnappers, who were doubly armed with revolvers and bowie-knives, the Section men who work on the track of the Railroad Company, for about 15 miles distant, numbering about 25, were in attendance, apparently to render assistance if needed, all of stout, able-bodied Irishmen.

I hope and pray that it may never be my lot to witness another such scene.

In haste, yours truly, J. E. KINGMAN.

In addition to the above we have the following from an eye witness:

JULY 3.—We have to-day five persons on trial for assisting the kidnappers—three Irishmen of Clifton and two Yankees (or something else) from Ashkum. We have employed an able lawyer from Kankakee City, and shall give them a thorough examination. [illegible]

LATER.—Three of the men on trial have been held to bail in $500 each to appear at the next term of the Court.

Movements of Ocean Steamers.

TO DEPART.

Steamships.	Leave	For	Date.
Europa	Boston	Liverpool	July 18
Adriatic	New-York	[illegible]	July [illegible]
Teutonia	New-York	Hamburg	July [illegible]
Persia	New-York	Liverpool	July [illegible]
Kangaroo	New-York	Liverpool	July [illegible]
Etna	New-York	Liverpool	July [illegible]
Golden Fleece	New-York	[illegible]	July [illegible]
Fulton	New-York	Havre	July [illegible]
Bremen	New-York	Bremen	July [illegible]
Arabia	Boston	Liverpool	July [illegible]
Africa	New-York	Liverpool	July [illegible]
Vanderbilt	New-York	Havre	July [illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Liverpool	July [illegible]
Canada	Boston	Liverpool	Aug. [illegible]
Arago	New-York	Havre	Aug. [illegible]

TO ARRIVE.

Arabia	Liverpool	Boston	June 30
Arago	Havre	New-York	[illegible]
Bavaria	Southampton	New-York	[illegible]
Jura	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Asia	Liverpool	New-York	[illegible]
Africa	Liverpool	New-York	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	New-York	[illegible]